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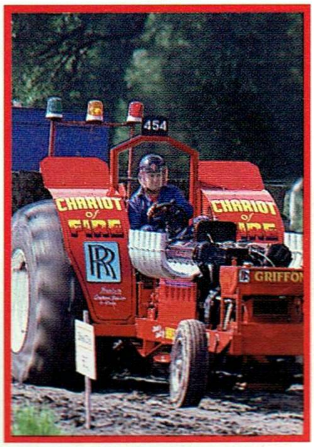

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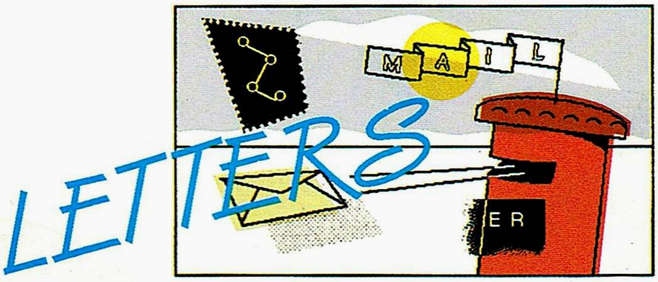


Gorgeous 'giggle spot'

I was extremely glad I picked up *Mayfair* Vol 22 No 3 because it gave me the delight of seeing pages 58 to 67 — namely your Girl of the Month, Annabel James. I was immediately attracted to this tantalising girl, and I am sure it was love at first sight.

As for her 'giggle spot' — the small mole she had just below her navel — I found this a real turn-on, and would love to get a closer look at it. Thanks for letting me see a girl I consider one of the most attractive I've ever laid eyes on.

M Wigley, Solihull

A pointed request

What an issue, Vol 22 No 3! Annabel James is a truly beautiful, arousing girl — she can come to my chateau any time, preferably without that whip! A pure English Rose.

Please can we have lots more girls with large nipples — perhaps a bumper issue filled with them? If all us lads pleaded, would you oblige? Come on, lads, plead!

PTA, Shillingford

Women on top

I feel it is necessary, without any flattery, to compliment *Mayfair* on the delightful photographs of gorgeous girls. What delights me is that whoever poses the models gives us many views of what is the most beautiful asset of a girl — her bottom. Many men seem to like the 'quarter to three' poses in cheaper magazines which, I am glad to say, *Mayfair* avoids, but the true appreciator of femine beauty knows that the rounded buttocks of a girl have a beauty of their own.

Nonetheless, what does give me a great disappointment is when I read letters from women correspondents, for they seem the opposite of what one would wish a modern woman to be.

Many are so submissive, as your letters in Vol 22 No 3 show so well: 'Coming attraction' had a woman being fondled and pawed by a strange man; in 'Heartveldt thanks' a wife submits to her husband's erotic fantasies; and in 'Seduction scenario' a girl makes a sexual slave of herself to gratify two men. All create the impression of male superiority.

In fact the true male knows that Woman is superior to the male, and it is she who should be dictating and forcing the man to submit.

I come from a long line of true nobility. My ancestors were cousins of William the Conqueror, and from my studies of history I know that in medieval times, in court and castle, it was the Women who ruled. Eleanor of Acquitaine brought over the Courts of Love, in which women dictated the rules, men wrote songs them, and obeyed their commands — for medieval woman knew how to chasten her man and force him into total obedience.

It is surprising how the majority of men long for superior women, who will see that their men carry out their full share of domestic duties, who find pleasure in using the cane or whip if the man disobeys. Yet for every hundred men longing for a taste of female discipline, there is hardly one woman who can be truly dominant.

It is pathetic that some seventy years after winning the vote, Woman still allows Man to rule and dictate to her, and it seems, always will. Feminists mouth about equality, but as long as we have letters from women readers who want to be men's sexual slaves, what hope do they have?

Surely among *Mayfair's* lady readers there are some who long to dominate the male, and enjoy doing so in a genuine and non-play-acting way? It is my desire to serve Woman as my ancestor knights of old, with chivalry and obedience, to feel her wrath without mercy should I disobey. Then I believe that Woman is on her way to real power.

Iain Guinne de Martyn-Crevecoeur, Hove

Back room romance

Reading IK of Brooklyn's letter on female exhibitionism in Vol 21 No 2 reminded me of an experience I had when I was a young man of 18.

I was working in an office with three others, my boss and two women. One was his secretary, an attractive 24-year-old, and the other, a 40-year-old clerk called Jan (name changed), who had a rather ordinary face by comparison, though her figure was quite shapely.

The exhibitionist turned out to be Jan, but she was only like this on Thursdays, when my boss and his secretary had to visit other offices in an adjacent town.

At first it only consisted of transparent blouses, and buttons which always seemed to be coming undone as I stood by her desk, asking for information. I could easily see her bra and the shape of her breasts, which were beautifully full, and I was certain she could see my erection, since it was on a level with her eyes.

However, I never had the nerve to pursue it, so nothing further happened, until we had to do the stocktaking. This involved working in an inner room, and Jan arrived wearing a very tight skirt and a loose peasant type blouse of thin cotton which was virtually see-through.

It was hot in the room, and Jan was soon fiddling with her blouse buttons. It quickly became obvious — by the way her breasts moved and the very deep cleavage I could see — that on this occasion she had left her bra off too. By now I had an enormous erection, which I tried to hide with a folder. But I'm sure Jan had noticed, because she said, 'I think we ought to check the files on the top shelf. Can you fetch the steps, please?'

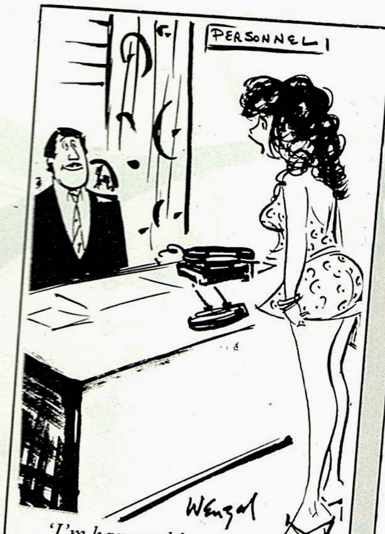
When she climbed up them, she asked me to stand below to hold them steady, and my eyes were level with her calves. Presently she was stretching up, standing on one leg and giving me a clear view up her skirt to her tiny white pants.

We didn't say much and, after a while, she climbed down and went out, presumably to go to the toilet.

When she came back a few minutes later, she gave me a smile and said, 'Look, it's getting so hot in here, you won't mind if I take my blouse off, will you? But you must promise you won't tell anyone.'

I was so dumbstruck by this remark that I only remember nodding faintly and going bright

turn to page 10



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LETTERS

continued from page 10

me as I am not over-endowed upstairs. However the other two girls in our salon, Linda and Bernadette (names changed) probably have good enough figures to satisfy your readers. Linda, in fact, could shame some of your models.

Anyway, I am writing to tell you about a trip well had to the coast last summer. I'm married and I was fed up with my husband watching football every evening, and on Sundays, which happens to be my day off. So one Sunday the girls and I decided to go to Brighton. We set off with lots of food, wine and sun tan oil, and Bernie's sister Kelly, a slim, pretty girl with straggly blonde hair, came too.

I hadn't been to the beach in this country for years, so I was quite surprised when I saw the number of girls who were topless — a good half. I've dispensed with my bikini abroad without any qualms, but Brighton seemed different.

Nevertheless Bernadette, Kelly and I went through the usual performance of swapping our bras for our bikini tops, wriggling about under towels. Not Linda, though. Once she'd changed into her bikini pants, off came her skirt, tee shirt and bra. Then bold as brass, she began rubbing sun tan oil into her bare boobs, which are really quite impressive, while Bernie made some remarks about never having the nerve to go topless.

As for me, I wanted to go topless but I was too shy to be as blatant as Linda. Instead I lay on my stomach and unclipped my top, then pulled the bikini bra away, before rolling onto my back, revealing my little boobies to all Brighton. To be honest, all Brighton didn't seem that stunned by my generosity, and when we went for a quick swim I slipped my top back on. Linda, of course, stayed topless.

Back on the beach, my top came off again and I noticed Kelly's bikini. Now that it was wet, the white material was transparent and her nipples were visible, as well as a dark shadow at the top of her legs. Giggling, I pointed this out. As you can imagine, Kelly was embarrassed. She pulled her towel round her waist and asked her sister if I was telling the truth. Bernadette confirmed that I was and added that she might as well be topless.

Kelly obviously took her sister at her word because she unclipped her bikini to reveal her pear-like charlies. Again I was put to shame, as they dwarfed mine and obviously did not need any support. On the other hand, Kelly could only be about 19, while I was 27. (Linda and Bernie are both 22.)

After a while Bernie and Kelly put their tee-shirts back on and wandered off to get some ice lollies. Linda and I carried on sunbathing and two fellows came over and started chatting us up. It had been a long time since I'd been chatted up, and I enjoyed it, though I was a bit coy about my boobs and put my bikini bra back on. Linda, the saucy cow, went on lying there in her bikini pants.

When Bernie and Kelly came back with the lollies, Linda began teasing the three of us for being so modest, especially young Kelly who was the first to give in and take her tee-shirt off again.

I know some people claim that fellows are blasé about topless beaches and, now the novelty of it has worn off, don't notice all the half naked girls. I don't believe a word of it! There was nothing blasé about the looks the two fellows were giving Linda's or Kelly's boobs. I felt sorry for Kelly, because she was obviously self-conscious, but she kept her nerve and went on as if everything were normal.

Linda, meanwhile, was very aware of the effect we were having. She started on at me, saying that if I didn't take my top off she'd try and wrestle my bikini pants down. The boys thought this was a great laugh, but I had a good idea Linda wasn't joking, so reluctantly my top came off again. Now it was my turn to be ogled.

To make my ordeal worse, Linda suddenly grabbed hold of me and pressed her ice lolly against my nipples. By the time I'd finished shrieking my little nips were standing to attention. To get my revenge, I attacked Linda's nipples with my ice lolly, and I soon managed to smear enough icy liquid over her boobs to set her shrieking as loudly as I'd done.

We were all in a thoroughly silly mood now, so we turned on Bernie, telling her she had to strip to the waist or be debagged.

Poor Bernadette didn't know what to do. She's a quiet girl, quite good-looking, with gingery hair and freckles and not a bad figure, but no stunner like Linda or Kelly. She was obviously very conscious

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WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Linda Lusardi was in Vol 19 No 2. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or why not get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 19 Nos 2, 5, 6, 9 and 10 for only £3.75. But be quick!

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LETTERS

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of the two fellows, who were just sitting back and enjoying the show. Eventually she shrugged her tee-shirt off and lay down at once on her tummy, refusing to sit up and show herself no matter what we threatened. In the end Linda and Kelly grabbed hold of Bernie's bikini pants, while I held her still, and we yanked them all the way down, and right off. Now Bernie was really in a quandary. Linda wouldn't give her pants back unless she turned over, which would mean exposing not only her boobs but her honeypot as well. Meanwhile her freckled bottom was exposed to anyone who cared to look. To make matters worse, Linda moved Bernie's clothes out of reach, so she couldn't get something to cover herself.

Kelly came to the rescue, wrapping a towel round her waist and slipping her own bikini pants off so she could lend them to her sister. Bernie, who was scarlet all over, accepted them gratefully, wriggled into them and rolled over to reveal her boobs belatedly. Considering the fuss she'd made she now seemed quite relaxed as the fellows had a good ogle at her. Kelly asked Linda for her sister's bikini pants back, but Linda was still in a wicked mood and insisted Kelly would have to show the boys her bum first.

To my surprise, Kelly simply shrugged and pulled away her towel to reveal the sparse clump of blonde hair between her legs. It was almost worth it to see the fellows' expression. They couldn't believe their eyes!

Of course that was like a red rag to Linda, and when Kelly dared her to drop her pants too she couldn't wait to lift her bottom and wriggle them down, exposing a thick and very dark forest of pubic hair (in contrast to her dyed blonde hair!) The guys were laughing in disbelief and, by the way their eyes were darting from Linda to Kelly, Bernie and I may as well not have been there.

Then Linda said that she didn't think Kelly would have the nerve to walk down the beach, still naked, and go for a swim. Kelly said she would if Linda would too. So the next thing both girls, giggling like idiots, were standing up and trotting across the sand. Up till now I don't think other people on the beach had noticed how much the girls had taken off, bu the sight of two bare bums jogging into the sea soon changed that.

Bernie and I rushed after them with the two fellows, and all five of us began leaping about in the water, laughing and splashing each other. This still didn't satisfy Linda and Kelly who suggested our bikini bottoms should be dispensed with too. Bernie surprised me by complying immediately, slipping her pants off and waving them above her head. As the water was above her waist, this wasn't that brave — as Kelly was quick to point out. Bernie responded by floating on her back, thereby exposing her gingery bush.

I may seem a prude but I really hadn't the nerve to go that far, but I wasn't going to be given the option. Linda suddenly grabbed me around the shoulders and, although I put up a struggle, Kelly and Bernie managed to debag me. They only let me go when my bikini pants had been sent to the sea bed, weighed down with a stone.

Eventually it was time to return to our towels, a moment I dreaded because I had only my hands to cover myself. I think the others realised I was going to be modest, because Linda, Kelly and Bernie suddenly linked arms on either side of me, holding my arms away from my body. That was the way all four of us emerged from the water, kicking our legs up and giggling, while most of the beach gawped at us in our naked glory. There were even one or two cheers from fellows we passed!

I must admit, though, it was an ordeal for me and the moment I reached our towels I slipped my bikini top and knickers back on. But Linda (inevitably), Kelly and Bernie (surprisingly) made no attempt to cover themselves and continued to sunbathe in the nude. Linda, the dirty cow, didn't even bother to keep her legs together, though she did manage to frighten our two guys away by suggesting they slip out of their trunks and let us see what they had too!

Although I didn't have the nerve to join my girlfriends, I had to admire them, as I'm sure your readers would have done.

Jan, London WC2

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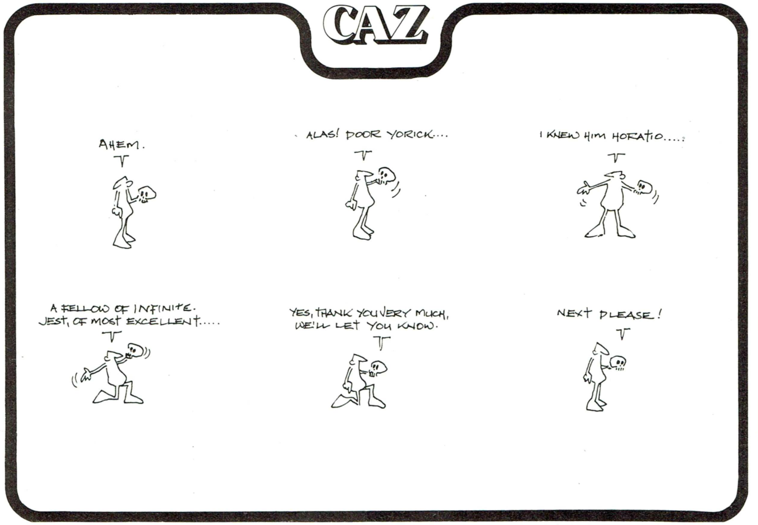
CAZ
AHEM.
ALAS! POOR YORICK....
I KNEW HIM HORATIO.....
A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST, OF MOST EXCELLENT.....
YES, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, WE'LL LET YOU KNOW.
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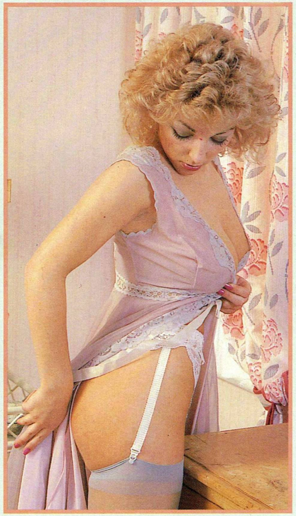
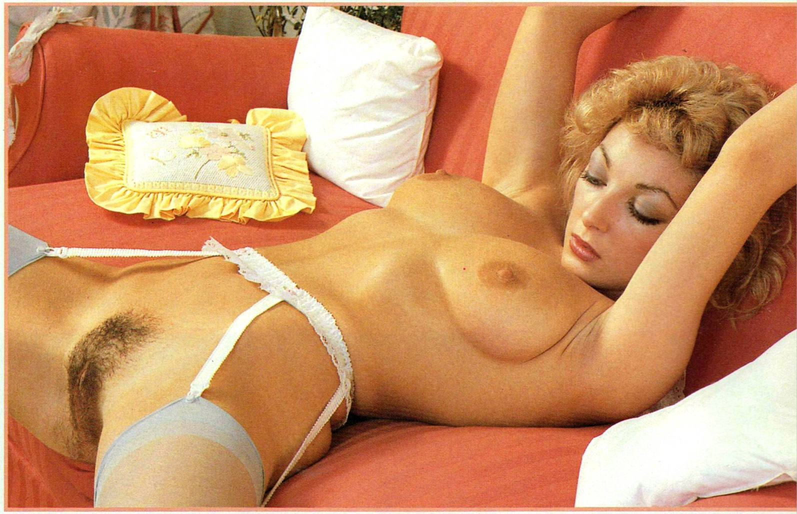
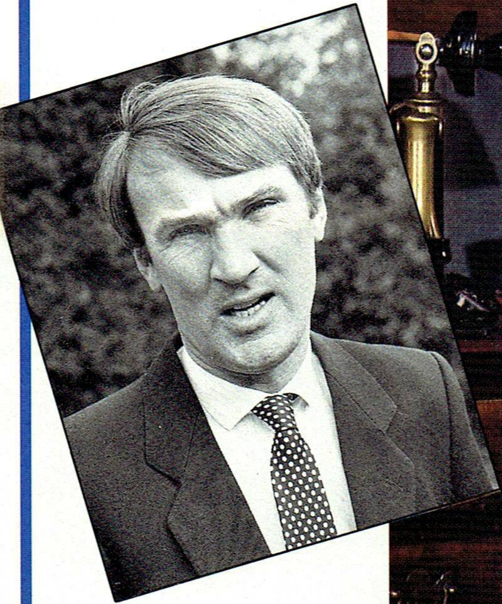


PENNY



If modelling newcomer Penny Davis fails to make it as a full-time professional with her sexy 38-24-34 figure, it might be wise to avoid dining out in South Coast hotels. Penny, 18, worked as a waitress in Southsea, and once impressed a male customer by dropping a potato into the gravy and soaking him. 'I was trying to serve it properly with a spoon and fork. Of course I dabbed the gravy off, but left the trousers for him to wipe,' said the Staines-born beauty who had recently moved down to Portsmouth with her family. Penny has also worked in a supermarket and a factory.

Penny likes the attention of modelling, and for the same reason wears tight clothing. But she once came unstuck. 'I had on a skin-tight mini dress with a low back, and as it kept riding up I put on a tiny G-string. But it was so small I went to the loo and forgot I was wearing it. My friend heard me swearing in the loo of the club when I realised what I'd done. I had to go home.'



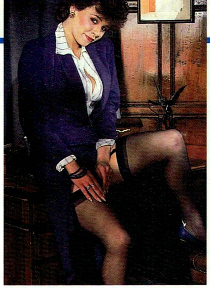
Andrew MacKay, Member of Parliament for Berkshire East, in whose office Jacqueline Luis works as a secretary.

Jacqueline Luis

The MP's nudest secretary

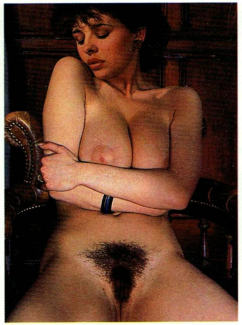
'I used to chat up all the guys…'

After leaving the local Charters school at 16, Jacqueline had various jobs including a year at Boots in Windsor. 'I used to chat up all the guys who came in. One poor chap asked me where the contraceptives were and I burst out laughing. He was so embarrassed he walked out of the shop.' But she didn't find the job challenging enough, so she temped for a while before answering an ad for a secretary. 'It turned out to be at the local Conservative office which was fitting as I used to belong to Sunningdale Young Conservatives.' And she has a high opinion of Andrew MacKay. 'He is a lovely chap and a great MP, one of the best in the area.'



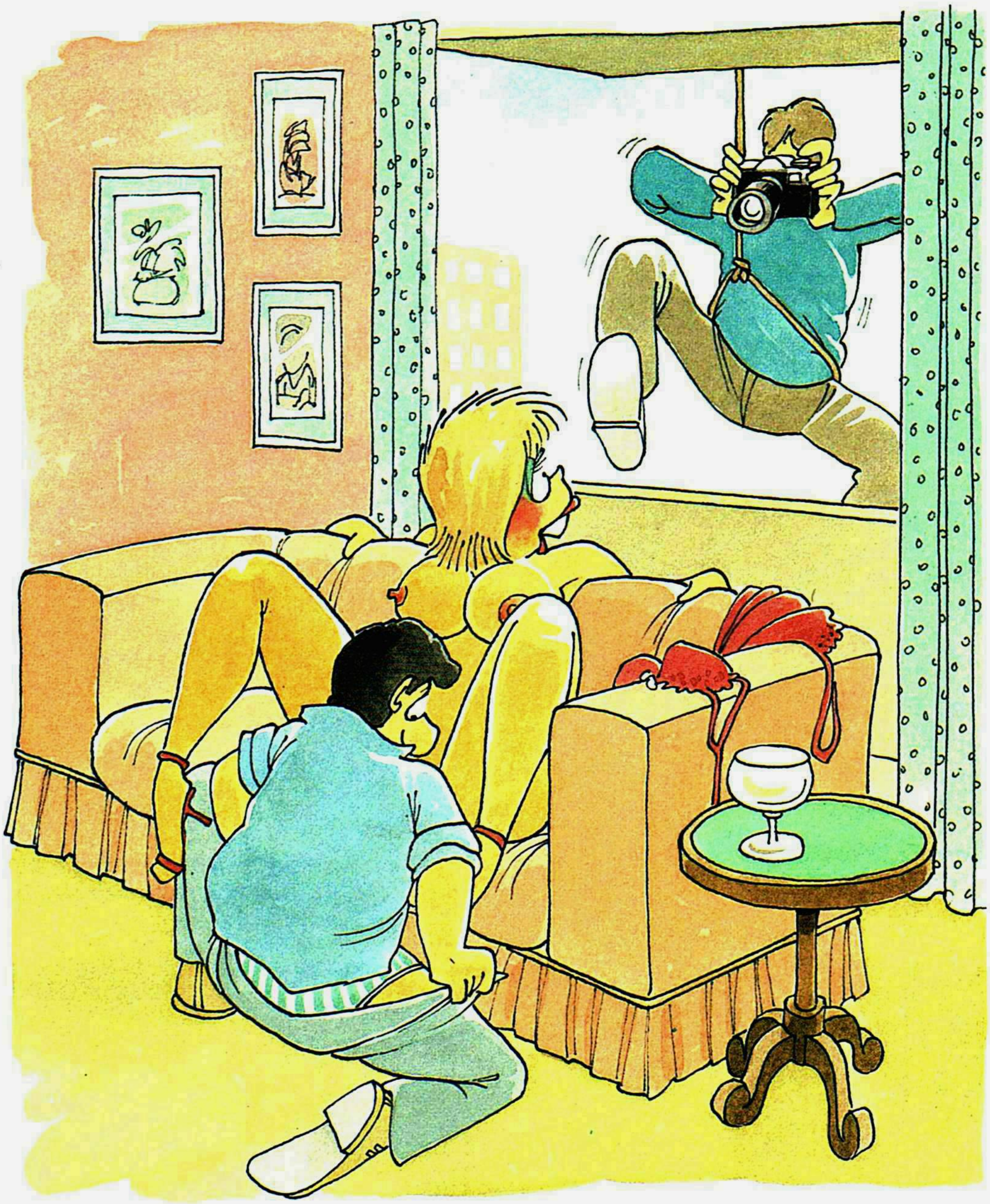
Whatever their politics, voters in Ascot could not be criticised for visiting the local Conservative party headquarters at every opportunity, for sexy Jacqueline Luis is a secretary there, working for MP Andrew MacKay. 'You need to be diligent and have a sensible head on your shoulders,' said 18-year-old Jacqueline, 'because you're dealing with local councillors, and talking to people about housing and environment problems. My heart's really in my job,' added the 34D-24-36 Sunningdale beauty.

'My heart is really in my job'



'I like to cook in kinky gear'

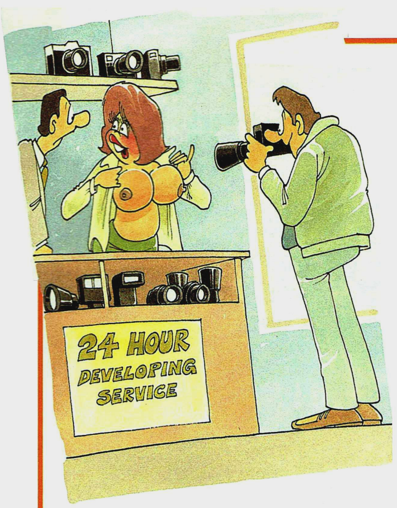
Cooking is a favourite hobby of Jacqueline's, but she adds extra spice by doing it in sexy lingerie. 'It makes me put feeling into the food if I'm wearing a basque and stockings and suspenders. I have a whole wardrobe of kinky gear for cooking.' She has also tried cooking in the nude, but it can be dangerous. 'Like the time I felt like ironing naked. I burned my boobs.' After a meal, Jacqueline likes to finish off with a yoghurt. 'Two people can have a great time with a pot of raspberry.'



'I think Mr Henshaw from the flat above has taken up photography, darling.'

The way of all flash

Amateur photography can lead to some snap happy relationships and, thanks to Anthony, not all are in camera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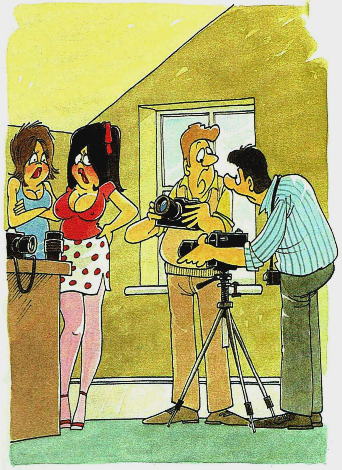
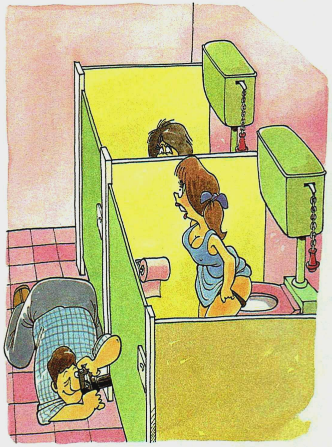
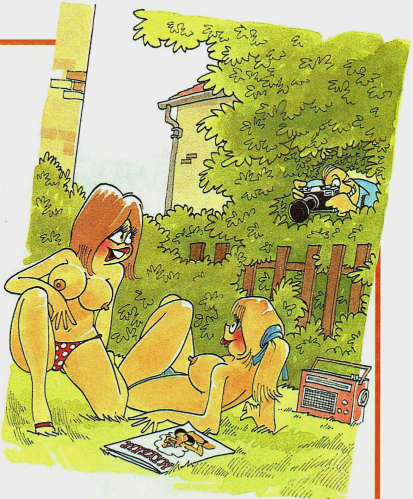
'The gentleman wanted to try out the wide angle lens.'



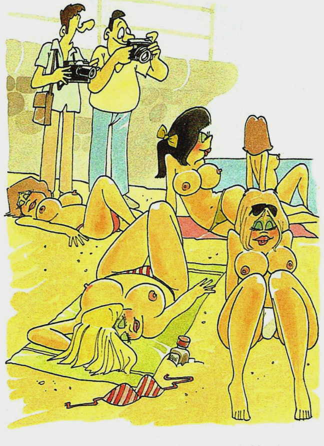
'A slight exposure problem, I'm afraid. They won't take their clothes off.'



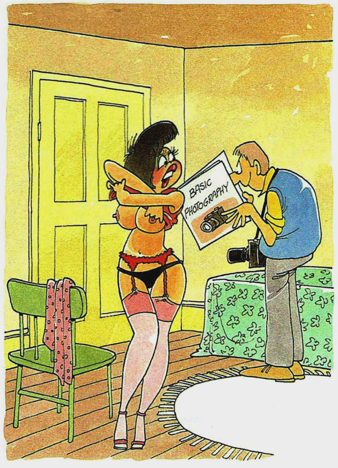
'I must say it's a relief not to have Simon snapping away at my every move.'



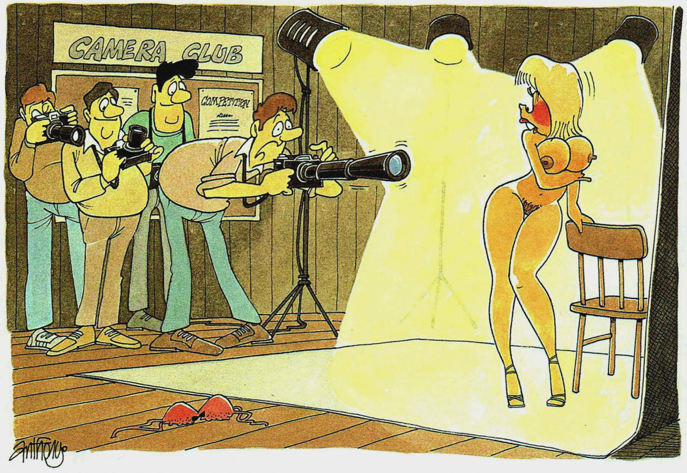
'I haven't the heart to tell him he's still got the lens cap on.'



'Let's hope we've brought enough film.'


BASIC
PHOTOGRAPHY

'Are you sure you've done passport photos before?'


CAMERA CLUB
COMPETITION

'One final shot, and this time I want you to imagine you're making love to the camera.'

FIONA, The girl who greeted the Marathon winners

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'I was seen on TV, and now some people recognise me,' said Fiona who lives in Tring and whose 36-24-36 figure can often be spotted doing promotion work around Milton Keynes.

Milton Keynes Central

For anyone who took part in last year's London Marathon, 25-year-old Fiona Evans must have been a welcome sight. She held up the finishing tape as the weary runners pounded over the longed for line.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON BERNARD

MARY

Dear Sir, I would love to pose for Mayfair

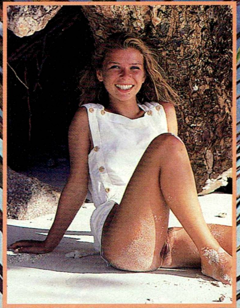
Cycling through the traffic-clogged streets of Manchester is likely to set a girl's mind wandering. For Mary Winstanley, those day dreams come true . . .

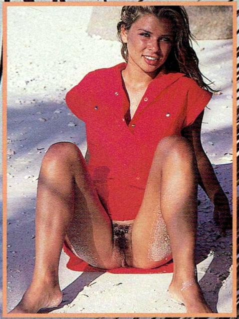
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

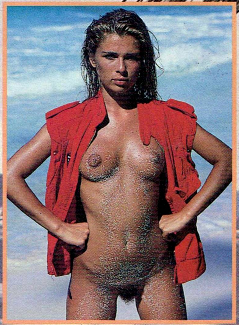
Fiona's work has taken her from sprawling over an Audi at the Motor Show to dancing on stage at the Isle of Man TT races. 'I did a gradual strip and got a standing ovation. It turned me on.' She enjoys all types of dancing from disco to ballroom, and is a member of the Watford Latin American Club.

Before settling in her present career, Fiona spent two years taking an arts diploma course, and even worked as an orthopaedic nurse at the Leicester Royal Infirmary. 'I enjoyed that. There were plenty of backs to rub and a lot of bare bums.' But she once had an embarrassing moment when her watch fell off her uniform and dropped right into an unlucky patient's bedpan.

Promotion work also has its odd moments. 'I was helping at a party dressed as an Amazon when my breast-plate fell off into a trifle I was about to serve. I just fished it out.'







On some exotic beach would be nice Battling against the wind and rain, trying to get to the surveyors where I work, I often think, this is no life for an 18-year-old. I should be lounging on the beach of some tropical island, sipping cocktails with men to attend to my every whim.’

Feeling the warm sun on my body

'I should be swimming in the warm Caribbean, not typing in a stuffy office. Why should I sit in my starchy white blouse and polyester skirt when I could be baring my 34-24-33 figure in the hot sun? Imagine the warmth on my bare breasts, the coolness of the oil being rubbed into my skin by my willing male slave.'

Could you fix if for me, please?

Mary 'But it's not just the climate that appeals, it's the peace and quiet. After the bustle of the city, a long laze with just the sound of the waves lapping on the shore would be idyllic . . . Then some lorry drives through a puddle and splashes me, and I come to my senses. I'm not on a desert island at all, I'm waiting for the lights to change on the way to work. Still, I can always dream . . .'

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The male member sometimes seems to lead a life of its own, rising and falling at the most unexpected moments. Just what makes the penis such a disobedient servant?

Proud Percy or Wicked Willy? An expert guide to man's fickle friend

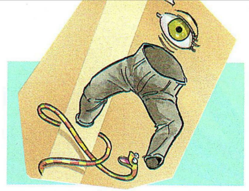
By Kenneth Purvis

Most men have experienced at some time the uncanny way their sex organs appear to have a will of their own. Embarrassing moments, best forgotten when, at the heights of sexual frenzy, and moans of invitation are at their most intense, our sexual organ remains hidden from sight, like some spoilt child who suddenly decides it doesn't want to come out to play after all.

And there are the other occasions when we wake in the morning to find our moody appendage standing errect and stony hard, and no member of the opposite sex is within grabbing distance. This is even more surprising when the owner's only recollection of dreams that night was of a replay from yesterday's football match. As an adolescent, a single kiss is enough to keep a penis hard for a whole day, while, as the years roll by, it apparently becomes more fickle, a lot more discerning and sometimes downright resistant to any amount of erotic bribery.

Our forefathers seem to have thought it lived an independent existence from the rest of the body. One aboriginal tribe in East Africa thought that the phallus was the abode of a disobedient animal, whilst a tribe in Brazil believed a snake dwelt in the penis. Even Plato wrote, 'In man the nature of the genital organs is disobedient and self-willed, like a creature that is deaf to reason,

ILLUSTRATION BY
ALASTAIR GRAHAM



as it attempts to dominate all because of its frenzied lusts'.

Recognition of the penis as a separate entity may account for the multitude of personal names which have been affectionately given to it — Willy, Dick, John Thomas and Percy. At least they enabled lovers to shift the blame for any poor performance in bed on to 'Percy, who hasn't been feeling too well lately'.

Nature, in its wisdom, gave man a dual-purpose organ, combining the function of urination with that of transferring semen deep into the woman's vagina during intercourse. This attempt at saving space obviously created problems — the penis had to be stiff and long for sex, but relaxed for emptying the bladder. A permanently stiff penis suffers from certain drawbacks, not least being that toilets would have to be redesigned and the carrying of umbrellas mandatory at all public conveniences. Regnier de Graaf, in the seventeenth century, put it better: 'It would be unseemly and disgusting, and it would totally impede one's conduct of worldly affairs to be like the Satyrs and have a penis always erect. On the other hand, to have one always loose and floppy would incommode successful conduct of the affairs of Venus'. What then causes this transformation from the weak and humble Dr Jekyll to the monstrous and rampant Mr Hyde?

Those who believe in the snake theory were easily satisfied — erection was the serpent waking up from its sleep, poised to inject its seminal venom into the belly of the woman. Others favoured a more physical explanation. Erection was caused by air, which was pumped into the sexual organ, like gas into a balloon. Impotence was probably simply explained by a puncture. This involvement of gas in penile erection accounts for the prohibition in certain ancient religious societies of consuming wind-creating foods. Today a feast of beans before intercourse would probably destroy the sexual atmosphere rather than enhance it!

In the middle ages, Albert Magnus, a scientist-philosopher, wrote that erection was caused by a substance called 'Venositas' — a gas or a liquid (he wasn't sure which) which 'transmitted heat to the genital region causing the male organ to swell and harden'. Certain Greeks, who presumably had a special interest in mechanics, had previously come up with the bright idea that the testicles acted like counterweights to raise the penis to the correct angle for penetration!

Grand
MASKED
BALL
JACKSON

'She'll do anything to get herself noticed.'

Even today, specialists still disagree over the details of how Percy can stand to attention on command. Man has a hydraulic penis — three tubes of sponge which swell out when filled with liquid, the most convenient being blood. But admirable erections can be obtained by simply pumping in salt water under pressure, a technique used by some urologists to check if the local plumbing system is in order in men with impotence.

Quite simply, when the nervous command is given, the arteries of the penis obediently relax their walls, and blood gushes into the limp organ at a rate 20 to 50 times greater than normal. The veins carrying the blood back into the body then contract, so that blood is trapped, and the pressure inside the penis begins to rise. Even the spongy tissue is involved in the process, increasing the size of the holes in its substance under nervous stimulation. This causes blood to be sucked in to fill the spaces created.

Recently, urologists have been experimenting with a drug called Papaverine that, when injected directly into the penis, stimulates the expansion of these spongy areas and can give erections lasting for hours. In a congress in America, an urologist astonished his colleagues, and their wives, by displaying his erection during his lecture, as living proof of the drug's effect!

With this model of penis hydraulics, it's easy to understand why some men cannot get a satisfactory erection. Their arteries may be blocked by cholesterol, a process which increases with age, so that blood cannot be pumped in at a high enough pressure; or the penis veins may have become damaged, and leak too much blood back into the body. Such plumbing problems explain 50 per cent of erection failure.

Significantly, one of the most popular sex aids used in old China was a silver ring, which was placed at the base of the penis to maintain the erection for long periods. A modern equivalent, being marketed in many European countries, is the 'Blakoe energy ring', the makers of which boast 'amazing effects' on man's potency. Impotence of this type is rarely absolute; most men can get some form of erection, but not be stiff enough to penetrate the vagina.

To measure the degrees of erection failure more accurately, urologists have devised various tests, such as the penis buckling test. Weights are added to the erect penis, until it begins to bend or buckle. This enables scientists to calculate how many grams pressure are necessary to open the collapsed walls of the average vagina, and so inform the patient of something he knew already — that intercourse isn't worth the effort.

Maybe we can learn from our ancestors, who wrote in great length about penis strengthening exercises. The Chinese, for example, were encouraged to carry doughnut-shaped rocks on their erections. Stories abound of heroes like Hercules who could carry several people on their monstrous sex organs, and of ancients who used their penises as weapons to defeat great armies. Happily, today's average male is usually content to achieve vaginal penetration.

Experts have known for a long time that large penises erect proportionally less than their smaller cousins. Studies by Kinsey, and Masters and Johnson, showed that, whereas the relaxed penis can vary considerably in size, the dimensions of erect organs are more uniform. Mighty midgets can more than double their size, whereas most of the potential kidney scrapers have a hard time adding a few centimeters to their original size. And a good job too, since nature has limited the dimensions of the vagina to the point that, even when stretched, erections of seven inches or more can be downright painful. Penises in the Olympic class, like those of the African Arabs, who are believed to sport the largest organs of the human species, tend to be relatively soft, even when erect; one anthropologist described them as having the consistency of rubber tubing filled with thick oil, which is some comfort for the more humble in size, which boasts granite hardness.

It's possible that nature has installed a safety device, which prevents too much blood leaving the body at one time. After all, there is little point in having a monstrous penis if it takes so much blood to operate that the owner loses consciousness every time he gets an erection, because of reduced blood pressure in the rest of his body.

Let us try to unravel the process by which the penis receives the message to erect from the nerves. Men who are paralyzed because of injury to their spinal cord can often still get an erection if the head of the penis is stimulated. Sometimes this erection is strong enough to enable intercourse. The reason is that erection is basically a spinal reflex; it depends on a local electrical circuit, which begins as sensory nerves in the head of the penis, or in the inside of the thigh, and connects with other nerves in the spinal cord, whose job it is to relax the arteries responsible for erection. Proof for feminists who believe that men keep their brains in their trousers!

Interestingly, there can from time to time occur short circuits in the system from parallel circuits in adjacent organs like the bladder. Signals from a full bladder can hop over to the erection nerves and give many men a confusing erection. Magnus Hirshfield, a famous sexologist, described a married homosexual whose ability to perform the sexual act with his wife and make her pregnant was entirely dependent on his morning erections, which were thanks to a full bladder.

Of course, superimposed on this local circuit are signals coming from centres higher up in the brain, which can both initiate, strengthen or even shut off the erection process. We are all aware of the way erotic sights, smells and sounds can give us erections, and that our dreams and fantasies can be just as effective as reality. Many believe that these focus on a special pleasure centre in the brain, which coordinates the erection process by sending a train of impulses down to the spinal centre, which then takes over.

More ominous is the way we can turn off the erection process by signals arising from the

turn to page 90

continued from page 58

darker areas of our brains — our subconscious. Performance anxiety, suppressed homosexuality, feelings of masculine inadequacy are just a few of the conflicts which can take over and stop us getting erections. Even more perplexing for the man involved is that these frustrations and conflicts sometimes sit so deep in the recesses of the mind that he may be unaware of their existence! In such situations the fear of impotence can further reinforce these signals and create a vicious circle which is difficult to break.

An interesting illustration of the lack of conscious control we have over the erection process is provided by night erections, or 'nocturnal penile tumescence'. On average, men get erections during their sleep approximately every 70 to 100 minutes, the intervals growing longer as we get older. They are the result of a general explosion of activity in certain nerves, which are beyond our control.

Women also have similar episodes during the night, with alternating changes in their vagina and clitoris. Although the reasons for them are poorly understood, such changes in men have been used to diagnose impotence. If a man cannot have an erection with his wife, but has night erections, it is clear that the problem is all in the mind. On the other hand, the absence of such night erections points to a more serious problem, perhaps to faults in the plumbing system of the penis. Urologists measure these nocturnal changes by getting the subject to sleep with a special rubber tube on his penis, which is designed to record any change in the organ.

If we are to believe the psychologists and psychiatrists, a surprising large number of men believe that their penis is too small. Indeed vacuum pumps for enlarging the penis are an 'expanding' industry in many countries today. The principle of the technique is that, by creating a vacuum around the penis, one can suck additional blood into the organ and expand it to its maximum potential size. Some manufacturers' claims that one can add 10 cm to the size of the erect organ should be treated with caution. Recent legislation in the USA has obliged these firms to tone down their previous advertising. It should be mentioned that simply using the organ regularly in normal intercourse will theoretically have the same effect. De Graaf wrote in the seventeenth century: 'Those who go down with any frequency to fight the battles of Venus are always noticing how frequent copulation greatly increases the size of the penis'.

Closer to our own time, Hirschfield wrote: 'Prolonged indifference to the primal sexual urge will gradually weaken, from lack of use, the sexual mechanism and eventually leads to incompetency. The penis is a muscular organ which needs to be exercised, as do all muscular structures, to be competent'. The message is clear: the more you use it, the bigger it gets!

Interestingly, after each intercourse, there is an increased production of the male sex hormone, testosterone, so sex may not only exercise the penis physically, but also indirectly affect its growth hormonally. It is well known that removal of this hormone by castration causes atrophy of the sex organs, and impotence.

Primitive societies had their own novel recipes for enlarging the penis, or prolonging the erection. 'When man wants to enlarge his lingam he should rub it with the bristles of certain insects that live in trees for ten nights with oil. When the pain subsides the effect lasts for life'. Two classical aphrodisiacs, which have been used to prolong erection, are cantharides and yohimbe. Cantharides is a powder prepared from a beetle, found in southern Europe, which has an irritating effect on the bladder, and causes short circuiting of the erection nerves. A major drawback is that the dose necessary for erection is uncomfortably close to the amount which can result in agonizing death for the user. Yohimbe is a drug isolated from the bark of a South American tree, which has been used as a sexual stimulant for centuries, the drug acts on the spinal nerves fooling them into producing an erection.

But the size and duration of an erection isn't important simply for sexual reasons. In many monkey societies the possession of an erection symbolizes masculine strength, leadership and authority. In certain baboon species the leader, from time to time, exhibits an erection to the other males as a reminder of this authority. In primitive human societies men walk around naked except for long penile sheaths, which cover the penis and constitute symbolic erections. In the middle ages it was fashionable for high ranking men to wear codpieces — hard ornamental coverings of the male genitals. Such codpieces could achieve remarkable sizes in direct proportion to the owner's position in society. Today's equivalent would be skintight jeans displaying a prominent and well-filled fly. And, given the unpredictable nature of our disobedient servant, perhaps it's wiser to concentrate on the appearance of overpowering virility rather than worry about it in bed.

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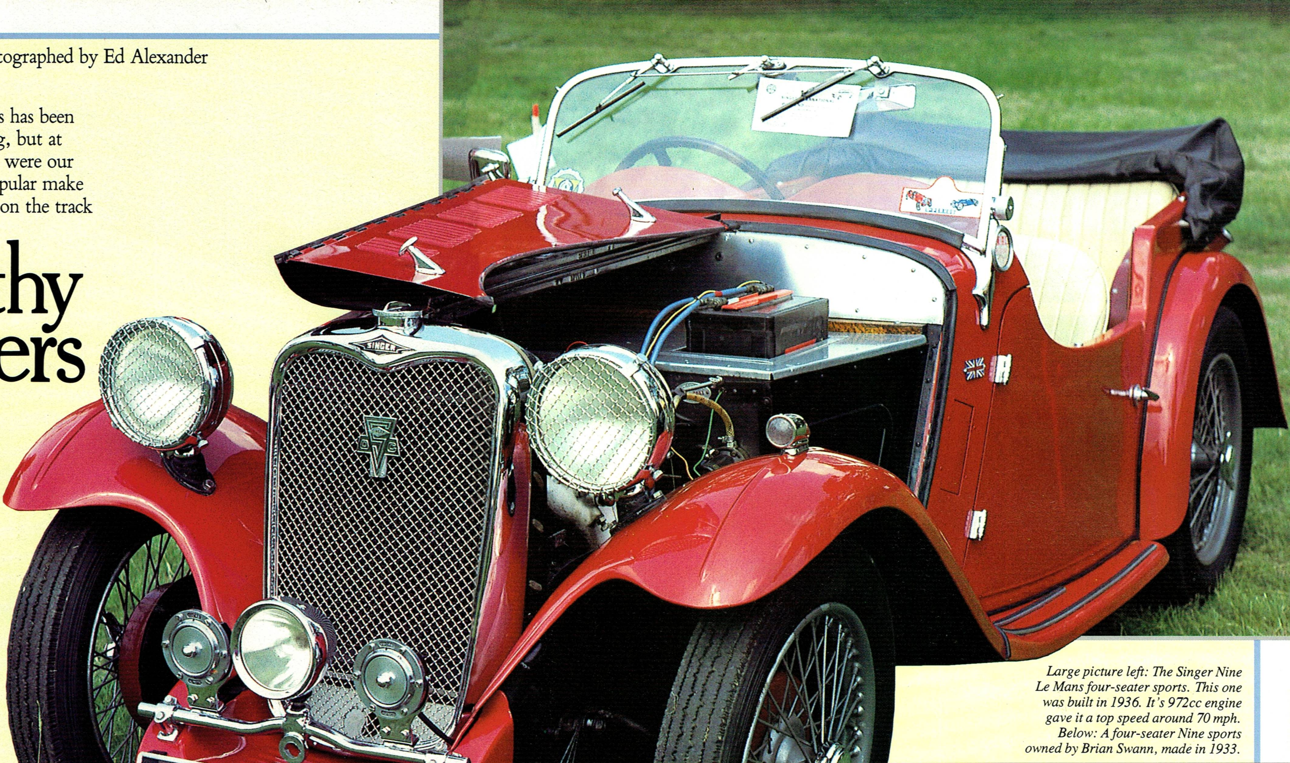
Motoring with William Boddy Photographed by Ed Alexander

Singers success has been largely unsung, but at one time they were our third most popular make and beat MG on the track

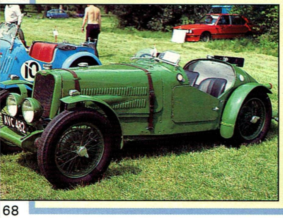
Noteworthy Singers

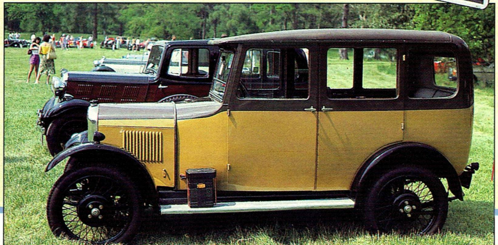
There must be many older motorists who remember the Singer,with affection. Yet it was one of the makes which never quite made it in the way that Riley and Triumph did. However in 1928 Singer & Co Ltd (of Coventry and Birmingham) was the third most successful car maker behind Morris and Austin.

Singer started with bicycles like so many of the earlier motor-car manufacturers. A bought-in design for a 'motor-wheel', in other words a power-pack stuck inside a road wheel, was sold for mechanically propelling ordinary bicycles from 1901. But although it developed a tricar line, Singer were comparatively late starters in the field of proper motor-cars. They made their first in 1905. Even that was really a crib of Alex Craig's ingenious three-cylinder overhead-camshaft design for Lea-Francis Ltd. Coventional Singer had arrived by 1907 but, as



Large picture left: The Singer Nine Le Mans four-seater sports. This one was built in 1936. It's 972cc engine gave it a top speed around 70 mph. Below: A four-seater Nine sports owned by Brian Swann, made in 1933.



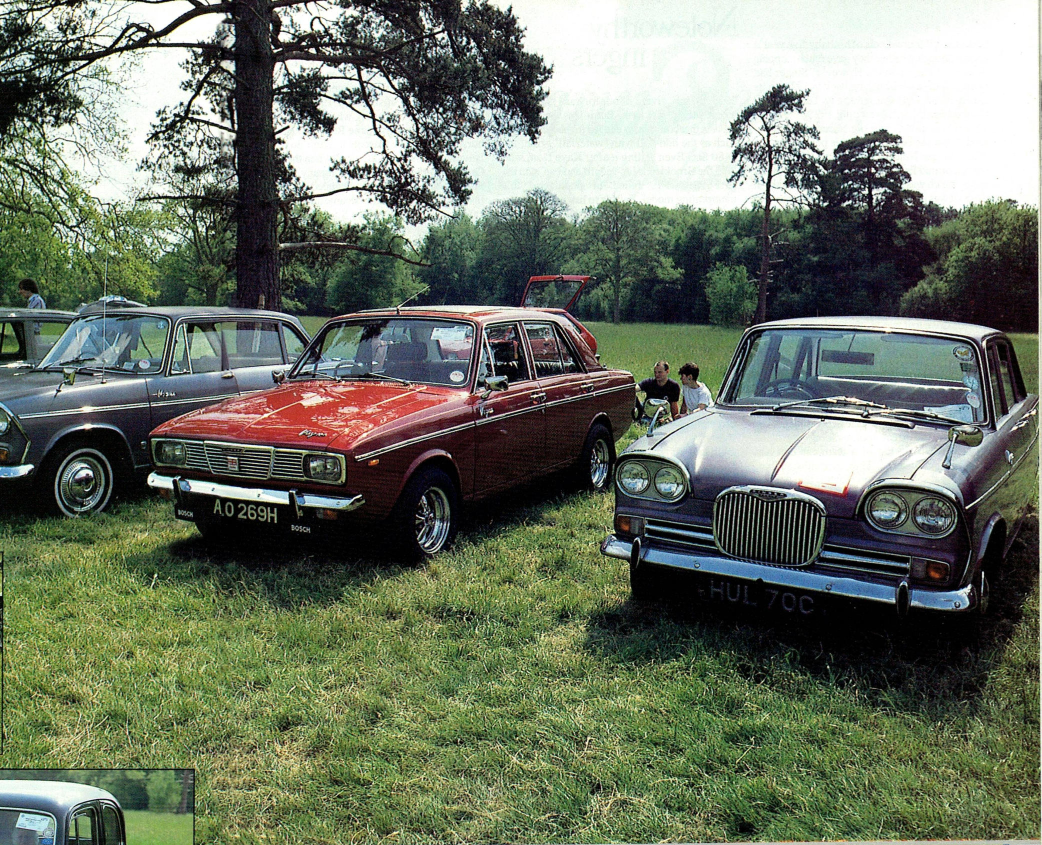


Near left: A 1929 Singer Junior saloon. Far left: The Le Mans Nine that Sammy Davis crashed in 1935, now restored, and owned by Mike Bird. Above it: A 1934 Le Mans 1½-litre in rally trim.

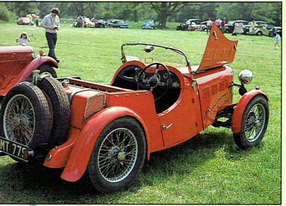
sporting model. By 1922 the gearbox had climbed amidships but the following year the Ten's lifespan was over, although a cheaper version arrived for 1923 called the Coventry-Premier, after a motor-cycle company Singer's had absorbed. In fact, a new overhead-valve Ten was soon announced, with gearbox in unit with its now monoblock engine.

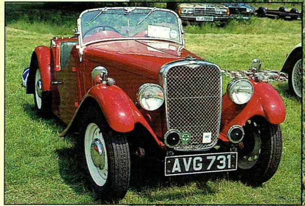
The Singer Junior surfaced in 1927. Austin had shaken the world with the 7hp Baby Austin in 1922, and this set in motion a move to bring out other very compact economy cars, of which the Morris Minor and the Morris Eight, the Triumph Super Seven, and the Ford Eight became well-known examples. Singer wanted to enter this field, and the Junior was their entrant. It was unusual in sharing with the Morris Minor an overhead-camshaft engine, this form of valve-prodding usually being found in fast racing-type cars or the more advanced luxury ones. Quite why these humble offerings from Oxford and Coventry used such valve-gear it is hard to say. Perhaps both designers had been unusually forward-looking, because the Minor was to wean the sports MG Midget and the little Singer eventually became the basis of the larger-engined Singer Le Mans model which did well in pre-World War Two mud-trials. But in 1927 this advanced valve arrangement was unexpected on a car priced at only £148.

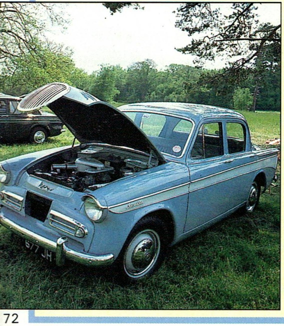
The Junior had an 848 cc engine compared to the Austin Seven's 747 cc, and its wheelbase was 15 inches longer. It is amusing to note that at first it came with brakes on its back wheels only, whereas the sage Herbert Austin had provided

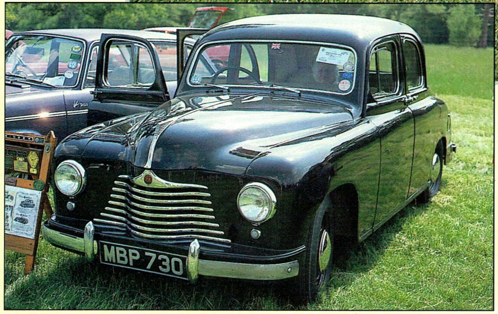


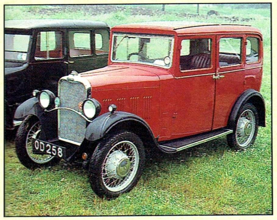
Right: Singer's final performance. Geoff Mellors' highly tuned 1969 Vogue, surrounded by Vogues from the early sixties.



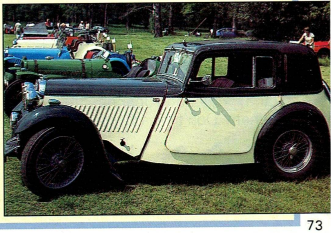




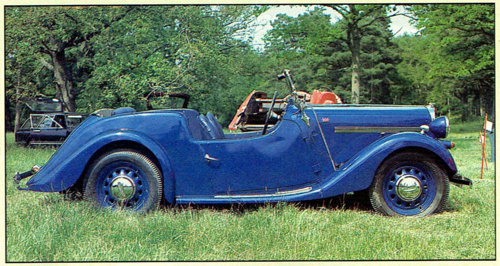


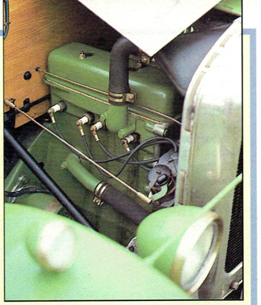


Right: A 1933 Nine sports coupé. Left: A Nine saloon from 1932. Next to it is a Singer SM1500 from around 1952. Bottom left: A 1964 Gazelle 3A. Two pictures above: Left, a 1935 Le Mans Speed Special, and right, A special Nine Roadster with Le Mans body.



Left to right: Profile of an early 4A Roadster. Two views of a 1935 Nine Le Mans. The Junior Porlock from 1929 and a close-up of its 847cc 8hp engine. Below it: David Frith's 1953 1½-litre Singer 4AD Roadster.





Large picture left: A Singer Nine Le Mans built in 1934, prepared for competition, and owned by Sidney Gilmore.

was then quite common, other maker's engines were still used.

All that was a very long time ago, however, and may not interest the 1980's fraternity. It lingers in my memory, though, that during the last war I could have bought a big Singer tourer for £7 (yes, seven pounds), which, as it had the circular radiator used for a time as the make's motif, must have been a pre-1911 model. I turned it down — ah well! It was around this time that the small-car boom took off. Economical little cars, not too expensive to buy, became the vogue. They could either be very simple, little more than four-wheeled (or three-wheeled) motorcycles, or scaled-down larger cars. For this seemingly lucrative new market Singer chose to build a big-car-in-miniature.

This was the soon to become celebrated Singer Ten, a nice little motor, with a 1,100 cc side-valve water-cooled engine of the bi-block type, which had its gearbox combined with its back axle. That was perhaps the weakest part of the specification, making for a heavy unit apt to pound up and down over bumps in the road. Nevertheless, the little Singer with its square outline radiator — lots of makers aped Rolls-Royce in this way — was a petrol-sparing, if not very fast, little bus. It even served in its own way with the armed forces in the Great War. Before that, sales were helped by a price of only £185 with a coupé Singer also available.

All this was to pave the way in later years for the second generation of Singer baby-cars, in the form of the cheeky little Junior. Meanwhile, the Singer Ten reappeared on the market after the war with a rounded radiator but you had to pay as much as £500 if you craved the 60 mph

Noteworthy Singers

brakes on all four wheels of his baby five year's earlier (though whether they gave much stopping power is a moot point!). However, Singer had offered four-wheel-braking back in 1924 on its expensive six-cylinder, and on its Ten by 1926, but the Junior had to wait until 1928.

There continued to be a big selection of Singer models but the best liked at this period was the 972 cc Singer Nine, in sports form, and later as the celebrated Le Mans model, a slab-tank two-seater which was ideal for small-car competition work. It was available as an open four-seater, and although there were somewhat similar cars such as the BSA Scout and Wolseley Hornet, it was the Singer that competed most effectively against the MG sports cars in the mid-1930s. As a typical Singer Le Mans example, for £185 you could have a 70 mph motor-car with an engine able to rev at well over 5,000 rpm. So perhaps that overhead-camshaft *was* justified! Whereas on an MG the drive to it was *via* the vertically-mounted dynamo, Singer used a chain-drive.

There were even racing Singers, but a most dramatic, and therefore extensively media-publicised accident in the Belfast TT sports-car race of 1935, involving three Singers rather blotted that particular copybook! Their steering drag-links broke, in one case depositing the car driven by the great motor-racing journalist Sammy Davis on top of a team-car that had crashed previously. That notwithstanding, Singers had sold well, and reached that peak of third largest British manufacturer by 1928.

Thereafter they tried too hard with too many revolutionary ideas. There was a revision of the Nine that had first come out in sports guise in 1933 though, giving it four forward speeds and a rear-placed fuel tank. But it was the off-beat models that cost money and led to their downfall, such as the odd-ball with 'waterfall' grille, the £480 Six. Even calling it after Kaye Don, who held the Brooklands lap-record and had won the first Ards TT, failed to popularise this unappealing model. Failing to learn *that* lesson, Singer came up with an all-enveloping 'Airstream' saloon, which the conservative British public wasn't ready for — remember how they queried the shape of the Ford Sierra, even in the 1980s.

Singer flirted with the clutchless gearbox, had a go at fluid-drive, but did better with hydraulic braking and independent front suspension. They came out in 1936 with the price-slashed Bantam range, the saloon the spitting image of the Morris Eight, and the open model selling for £120. I enjoyed the post-war version of the open tourer, over some West Country trials hills. The Nine was enlarged to 1,074 cc, HRG took Singer's 1,100 cc and 1,500 cc engines for *their* sports car, and another expensive gamble was a racing-style twin-cam 1½-litre engine which never really got off the bench.

Singer production shifted to Birmingham after the war, and for a time the pre-war cars were re-made in this factory dating back to 1927. It was soon seen that fresh styles were needed. The response was the slab-sided SM 1500. If it appealed it was only to those whose mums and dads had Singers, and its price of £799 for a steering-column-gear-lever saloon helped it to its grave. The twin-carburettor engine was tried, and the 1951 1½-litre Roadster was quite nice. But the end was in sight. By 1955 the Hunter saloon was produced, which might have appealed to today's Sloane Rangers as it had a horse as a radiator mascot. It didn't do for me! Salvation, if such it was, came when the Rootes Group absorbed the Singer Company. That was in 1956, and they quickly dropped the Hunter. Instead, the Singer name became another badge-engineering exercise. The Singer Gazelle was really a Hillman Minx with the former Singer overhead-camshaft power-unit, poking out better than 50 bhp. Quite nice, in fact, but worse was to follow. After 1958 all Singers really were just better-equipped Hillman models, and in the 1970s there was even the Singer Chamois, consisting of the rear-engined Hillman Imp in more lavish form. The 1.4-litre Vogue and the 1.7-litre Gazelle were, in effect, nicer Minx and Hunter, the latter name revived, with that of Avenger, for the Minx's replacement. Then the Chrysler Corporation got Rootes into its maw, and killed off the age-old Singer name.

Fortunately, Singers in all their model complexity are well sustained by the active Singer Owners' Club, and in the pages of whose magazines some low-priced offerings often appear, attractive if you seek to run a somewhat forgotten model with a famous British name. Should you feel like supporting them, and perhaps putting an old Singer back on stage, the Secretary is: Martyn Wray, *Waverley Gardens, Stamford, Lincs.*

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Tracey

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

We're all lucky that buxom Tracey Middlemas isn't two inches taller. If she had been just that much more than five foot two she could have joined the police, and her 35D-24-36 figure would have been lost to *Mayfair* readers. 'I wrote letters to the Commissioner,' she said, 'but they told me I was too short for them.'

Rebecca

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

Tracey, who lives in Norwich, is a catering assistant at the local hospital. 'I serve the food in the women's wards and enjoy it. But I panic sometimes and do something odd like serving soup on a flat plate.' For relaxation Tracey enjoys horse-riding or spending an evening at *Rick's Place* her favourite local club.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

RONALD COBB.

Harry went into hospital for a minor operation. The day after, his friend Phil came to visit him. As they talked Phil couldn't help but be impressed by the number of nurses offering to help Harry, fussing over him, and providing for his every need.

'They look after you well,' he said. 'I mean circumcision isn't that serious.'

'I know,' replied Harry. 'But somebody must have told them it needed 25 stitches.'

What do you call the entrance hall of the Nicaraguan rebel HQ?
Contraception.

Great Quotes of Our Time:

Curvaceous country singer Dolly Parton is scarcely the first person one would think of when discussing the women's equality movement. However she disagrees.

'I was one of the very first girls to burn her bra,' Dolly maintains. 'The only problem was that it took firemen three days to put it out.'

Were there any homosexuals in the American Revolution?
Yes. Remember Benny dicked Arnold?

While out walking in the jungle one day, a missionary came face to face with a lion. Thinking the situation was hopeless, he sank to his knees in prayer. But then came a miracle. To his utter amazement, the lion proceeded to get down on its knees, and also started praying.

'How heartening it is,' said the priest with great relief, 'to find you joining me in Christian prayer, when just a few moments ago I was in fear of my life.'

'Don't interupt,' growled the lion, 'Can't you see I'm trying to say grace.'

A gardener called Kenneth McDeare
Likes plants more than women, we fear.
'He's hardy perennial,'
Say folk who know Kenny well,
'He only comes up once a year.'

George and Mabel Saunders were on holiday in Paris when suddenly Mrs Saunders was taken ill, and died. France being her favourite country, George decided that she should be buried there, and a funeral was arranged right away. Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, George had not packed anything suitable to wear at a funeral, and decided to buy a black coat. As a mark of respect, he went to Paris's top department store, hoping to find one imported from Savile Row.

'Un capote anglais noir, s'il vous plait,' he demanded in his best schoolboy French. Unknown to him *capote anglais* is French slang for a condom, so the staff looked at him a trifle bemused, and then sent him to the chemist's dispensary department.

There he was greeted by an attractive lady assistant, and repeated his order.

'Un capote anglais noir, s'il vous plait.' The girl looked at him in amazement, wondering what this obviously English man wanted with a black contraceptive.

'Noir, monsieur? Mais pourquoi?' she asked. George looked unabashed. *'Ma femme est morte,'* he replied. The assistant smiled sweetly.

'Ah, monsieur. Quelle delicatesse!'

Did you hear about the man selling sheaths at £50 each?
Conned 'em.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Three sisters, Joan, Mary and Fanny Jenkins all had large feet for girls. Joan's shoes were size 9, Mary's were size 10, and Fanny's a gigantic size 12.

One day Joan and Mary were out on a date with their two new boyfriends when one of the lads glanced down at the girls' shoes.

'Good grief,' he said. 'haven't you girls got big feet?'

'That's nothing,' replied Joan quickly. 'You should see our Fanny's.'

We've just heard of a reader who took lessons in exotic lovemaking, and hasn't been able to face his girlfriend since.

A lorry driver taking his load to the Midlands was stopped by a road block.

'Excuse me, sir,' said the official at the barrier, 'but we are carrying out a survey on traffic entering Birmingham, have you got a few minutes?'

Glad of the rest after his journey up the M1, the trucker got out of the cab.

'Right,' said the official getting out a clipboard. 'Tell me, what load are you carrying?'

'Toilet rolls,' replied the driver.

'And how big a load is it?'

'Five tons.'

'Five tons of toilet rolls!' said the official a little surprised. 'Where are they going?'

'Glasworthy's Grommets in West Bromwich.'

'And how often do you make the trip?'

'Once every three days,' replied the trucker casually.

'You supply one small company with five tons of toilet rolls every three days!' gasped the incredulous official.

'Yes,' said the trucker. 'They're our sole customers.'

Rebecca works in central London, and every day catches the train from Warrior Square to her office in Covent Garden. 'I work in a design studio,' she says, 'handling all sorts of accounts. I'm working on desk lamps at the moment.' Rebecca is currently building her own studio in her spare bedroom. 'I like the coast so much, I hate leaving it,' she insists. 'Besides a walk along the front is the best inspiration I know, even if it is freezing cold in the winter months.'

The blustery seafront of St Leonards in East Sussex is no place to strip off — not until July or August anyway. But at the first hint of warm weather, 20-year-old Rebecca will be braving the chilly Channel waters. Rebecca's seafront flat is ideally situated for a quick dip, and she finds swimming the ideal way of keeping fit and her 34-23-35 figure.

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Sexual Happiness is the most sophisticated guide to physical love we've encountered, offering a tried and tested practical means of evaluating and improving your sex life. It highlights in an easy-to-use form — aided by the most intimate of illustrations including oral sex and penetration — the differences and similarities between the feelings of men for women, and vice versa. It is the first step towards removing the obtacles that limit your enjoyment of sex. Written by Maurice Yaffé, senior clinical psychologist at Guy's Hospital, and Elizabeth Fenwick, a respected medical writer, *Sexual Happiness* will help you establish your own sexual identity. *Sexual Happiness* is available in three forms — the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Women* (£6.95); the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Men* (£6.95) or a hardback edition combining both the previous books (£12)

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This is the deluxe hardback edition which combines the above two volumes, and is a complete plan for evaluating and improving your sex life, with the emphasis on self analysis and self help. Ideal for the couple at home, it nevertheless offers practical and confidence-boosting advice for both unattached men and women. It deals constructively with the rich and diverse pattern of human sexuality.

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SEXUAL HAPPINESS FOR WOMEN £6.95

In part one you discover your sexual profile, and depending on the answers, you are guided to the next relevant section of the book, which may include the 'problem charts'. There are five chapters: Sex Profile; Problem Charts; Ways To Improve Your Sex Life; a section dealing with the woman who has a steady partner; and a single woman. There's advice on how to perform oral sex; best positions for deep penetration; how to choose a vibrator and how to use it; and how a woman can give herself pleasure in other ways.

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QUEST

The element of surprise often plays a crucial role in a sexual relationship. For a woman, the unexpected approach will sometimes undermine resistence and lend appeal to the unlikeliest of suitors. For a man, a new partner's unforeseen move can be the erotic highpoint of a first encounter. Quest meets two people whose sex lives were enriched by the unexpected.

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Female
Age . . . . 21 Years
Town of Origin . . . . Bushey
Other details . . . . This attractive blonde attended secretarial college after leaving school and now works for a small professional firm. She shares a flat with three others.

Quest: Do you always know when men are going to make a pass at you?

Secretary: I can usually see when they're interested, I've had a few surprises, though.

Quest: What sort of surprises?

Secretary: Oh people you don't encourage at all, and suddenly they're all over you.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Secretary: It happened with one of my flatmate's boyfriends. Barry was staying over at least a couple of times a week. He seemed really nice — fanciable, though I didn't particularly fancy him, because he wasn't really my type — I really prefer quite lively men. I just treated him as another flatmate, a friend. Then one evening he came round to see Steph when she'd had to rush up north, because her mother was ill. Barry asked if he could stay over, anyway. He'd arranged to meet someone close by early in the morning. That seemed reasonable, so I said I thought Stephanie wouldn't mind. And that's *all* I said.

Quest: Were you on your own?

Secretary: I was washing my hair that evening, and our other flatmate was on holiday. But so what? I've shared mixed flats before, and Barry knew I was going out with someone.

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: I went into the bathroom and started

But isn't the south coast reserved almost entirely for retired people? 'No, I have a great time here. There are sailing and windsurfing clubs with some very hunky guys who aren't exactly in need of walking frames,' she laughs. 'I'm hoping to learn to windsurf this year. Then you can photograph me slipping out of my wetsuit.' Sounds like a good idea to us.

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QUEST

did, and began stroking my back again with his other hand. He didn't take the first one away, though. He kept inching his fingers down, further into my hair, until I realised he was almost touching my clitoris. Then I panicked, and clamped my hand over his, and told him that was enough.
Quest: Go on.
Secretary: He took his hand away from my knickers, which surprised me. But his other hand must have been fiddling quietly with my bra clip. Because my bra came loose, and he began stroking both my breasts, especially my nipples, which just turns me to jelly. I have very very sensitive nipples. I practically have orgasms if they're stroked properly, and he was stroking them exactly the way I liked. I suppose that's when I actually thought that I wouldn't be able to stop him.
Quest: Having intercourse with you?
Secretary: Yes.
Quest: When did that happen?
Secretary: Quite quickly after that. Barry was crooning things like, 'Oh Laura, you don't now what this means to me . . . you're beautiful . . . you're fantastic.' He rolled me onto my back, and started kissing and licking my breasts, as well as fondling them, getting more and more frantic. A bit too frantic, in fact! He was pulling at my knickers so awkwardly he got them into an awful twist — I had to bend down and pull them off for him! By then he'd got his trousers and pants down, and his thing was bumping against my tummy. I was actually a bit afraid he was getting over-excited, and he'd jump in before finding out if I was ready. I even told him to slow down. But he was on top of me, and inside me, almost at once — I was so wet I could probably have taken two of him! Then we were doing it.
Quest: Did you climax?
Secretary: I had a nice climax, yes. I didn't expect to. With someone new, it's quite rare — for me, at any rate. It's one reason, I think, I decided I hadn't been as wicked as I'd thought, letting him.
Quest: So it wasn't the end of the relationship?
Secretary: In the morning we decided we'd let things cool down. But whenever we'd meet on our own we'd end up in bed. In the end it was getting silly, and a bit sordid. Barry would stay overnight with Stephanie, then sneak back after she'd left for work, and climb into bed with me. I was quite relieved when she found out. But the strange thing was, once I'd moved out, and we were just boyfriend and girlfriend, the spark seemed to go out of it.
Quest: The secrecy of the affair had been its main appeal?
Secretary: I suppose. It did get me out of my relationship with John, which really wasn't getting anywhere. But Barry really *wasn't* my type. I'm sure it was only the surprise of his approach that had got me involved in the first place. So, in a sense, I was surprising myself, too.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Male
Age . . . . 27 Years
Town of Origin . . . . Carlisle
Other details . . . . This interviewee took a diploma in business studies before joining a large management consultancy. He now works as a data processing consultant and lives in a house he recently purchased.

Quest: Is sex ever a surprise to you?
Consultant: I can't think of a time when it *hasn't* been. Every time it happens with someone new I think, 'My God, she isn't really going to let me, is she? Has this woman no taste?' Half the time you think, God, why am I wasting my time and money like this? Then something wholly unexpected and marvellous happens, and you know there's nothing more exciting.
Quest: Can you give an example?
Consultant: I suppose the most surprising would have been a girl I knew at the office, about five years ago now. Only briefly — she was a temp. But that was like something you read about. I wouldn't even think of doing anything like that now — especially with all this talk of AIDS.
Quest: Go on.
Consultant: I'll call her Rosemary, because I honestly can't remember her name. She looked in her early twenties, though I think she must have been older, because apparently she'd been divorced. Blonde, fairly ordinary facially. It was difficult to tell, because she wore these large, round glasses, which made her look quite serious. She wasn't — she was quiet, but fairly giggly and ordinary, in fact.
Quest: What made you notice her then?
Consultant: I didn't not for a long time. I worked with a friend who made a habit of going after anything female that appeared in the office. I don't think Geoff had an enormous amount of success, but that never seemed to deter him. He was always insisting that the most unlikely women were 'goers' — the rest of us just weren't giving them a chance. It was almost a running joke. Of course, the moment he heard Rosemary was divorced he was off like a shot.
Quest: Did he succeed?
Consultant: No, he would have told me. I saw them chatting a few times in the office, but it was obvious Geoff was doing all the work. She was too shy, or she just wasn't interested, or both. Geoff did insist, though, that she had a really nice figure, which I had to admit was right. But you had to look to see it — she didn't dress to show it.
Quest: You weren't tempted to try yourself?
Consultant: No, because the office was full of

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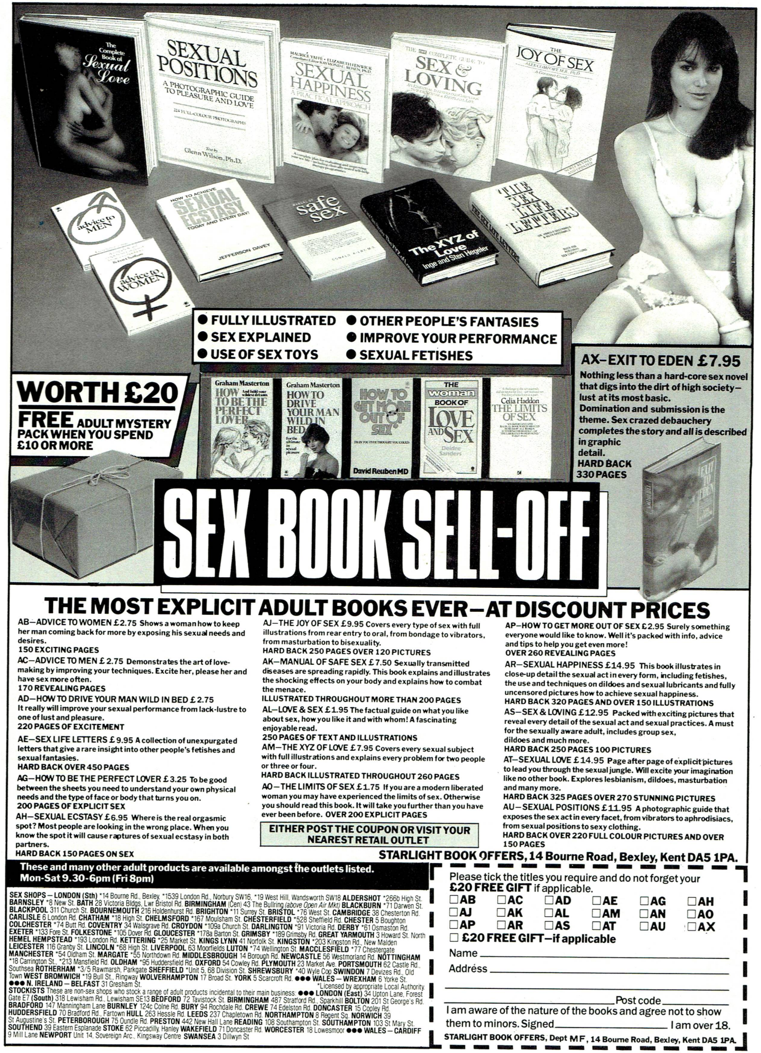

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QUEST

to do my hair, while Barry watched television. I had my head in the basin, rinsing it, when I heard the bathroom door open. I thought Barry wanted to use the loo, so I just mumbled something about letting me have five more minutes. The next thing I knew he was saying, 'I don't think I can wait that long,' and kissing me between my shoulder blades. I nearly banged my head on the taps!

Quest: How were you dressed?

Secretary: In my slip — I still had my bra and pants on underneath. But then he slipped his arms round my waist, and brought his hands up my front, held my boobs and started fondling them, pushing himself against me from behind.

Quest: What did you do?

Secretary: I just stood with my hair dripping. I didn't know what to do. I just asked him what *he* was doing. He said, 'Oh come on, Laura (name changed), we don't have to play games. I can tell when there's something between two people.' I nearly fell over! I asked what on earth he was talking about. At least that made him stop stroking my boobs. He sounded absolutely astonished. Hadn't I always been especially friendly to him? Wasn't I always wandering round the flat when he was there, wearing just a shorty wrap so he could appreciate how nice my legs and boobs were?

Quest: Was that true?

Secretary: I liked Barry, but that was all. What knocked me out, though, was being accused of showing off to him. The only reason I'd worn the wrap was because my old full length one had fallen apart, and my brother had lent me his. As to giving Barry peeks of my boobs, I wasn't going to put my bra on every time I put my head out of the bedroom in my own flat. I'd certainly never gone around topless. I didn't know whether I'd just been foolish, or Barry was incredibly arrogant.

Quest: How did Barry react to this?

Secretary: I don't think he believed me. He couldn't understand why I wasn't pleased at this marvellous opportunity to go to bed together!

Quest: You didn't want to?

Secretary: No! I couldn't. I already had a boyfriend, and I don't steal men off my friends. But Barry kept saying Stephanie would never know, and anyway he didn't care, because he'd go mad if he couldn't be close to me just once. It was incredibly awkward. I suppose some girls would have thrown him out there and then, but I kept thinking Stephanie would find out, and there'd be terrible ructions. By then, of course, I'd started to feel sorry for him.

Quest: Why?

Secretary: Because I think he really did care for me. I know that probably sounds naive, but you wouldn't think that if you met him. So I told him we had to talk, and I got him to make us some coffee while I dried my hair. Then I put my wrap on, and we sat on the sofa — not touching or anything — and I think it finally dawned on him he'd made a mistake. He was really embarrassed, but very crestfallen. He said he really hadn't meant to upset me, but these feelings had been boiling up in him for months now, and they'd been so obvious to him he couldn't understand how I hadn't noticed. Apparently he hadn't been able to make love to Stephanie for over a month. He said he was still fond of her, but he just didn't fancy her any more. All he could think about when he was in bed with her was me.

Quest: Did you believe him?

Secretary: Yes. I know you'll say I was bound to because it flattered me. But Stephanie had complained to me several times that she was never sure how much Barry cared for her, because he never told her he loved her. Now it all began to make sense.

Quest: What happened then?

Secretary: He asked if he could kiss me. It was almost funny. No one had asked me that since I was a teenager.

Quest: Did you refuse?

Secretary: It seemed stupid to be that unbending, but at the same time I made it very clear that was all he could do. So he leaned over to me, and we kissed.

Quest: Passionately?

Secretary: Gently, at first. He put his arm round me. I wasn't going to open my mouth, but after a minute I couldn't help it. Then he put his hand on my thigh, and I realised my wrap had fallen open, and we were starting to slip over along the sofa, so I pulled away.

Quest: But you enjoyed it?

Secretary: Yes, I enjoy kissing. And he was attractive. But that didn't mean I'd go to bed with him.

Quest: Were you having sex regularly with your boyfriend at the time?

Secretary: He didn't get to London very often. We couldn't go to his place, because he was still living in the same house as his wife. They were legally separated, but he couldn't afford to move out till the house was sold.

Quest: So it wasn't a sexually satisfying relationship?

Secretary: Not if you think sex is the be-all-and-end-all of a relationship. But I was in love with him, or at least I thought I was.

Quest: So what happened with Barry?

Secretary: We talked and talked — it must have been hours.

Quest: About what?

Secretary: I was trying to convince him that he wasn't really in love with me — he'd just reached a sticky patch with Stephanie, and I happened to be around. But the real answer was with his present relationship. It was funny, really. I thought so at the time.

Quest: Why?

Secretary: I spent so much time trying to attract attractive men, then, when one did fancy me, I was doing my best to change his mind!

Quest: Did you succeed?

Secretary: No!

Quest: What happened?

Secretary: I told him he could sleep with me — but *only* sleep. I wouldn't have sex with him. It would have to be in my bed, which was a single, because I wouldn't share Stephanie's double with him. And he'd have to keep his clothes on. I thought he'd tell me to get stuffed! But he did it. I was stupid, of course, because in a double bed I could have kept to my side. Two people in a single have to squeeze together.

Quest: What did you wear in bed?

Secretary: I left what I had on.

Quest: Did you sleep?

Secretary: Not really! I had to lie against his chest. Otherwise we'd have been lying face to face, or curled up like spooons, and both would have been impossible.

Quest: Why?

Secretary: Mainly because he had a fairly obvious erection. My leg touched it as he turned over. I didn't fancy that in my back, and certainly not against my front!

Quest: Did it please you?

Secretary: I wasn't that hard up! I suppose it was nice knowing he really did fancy me. I mean, mens' things can't lie, can they?

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: He started stroking my back, very gently and soothingly.

Quest: You didn't object?

Secretary: No, because that's all he did. And he was very good at it. It was amazingly relaxing, even when I didn't want to relax.

Quest: How did he stroke you?

Secretary: First he lifted my wrap up until he was massaging my bare skin — I had my back to him by now. He tried to unclip my bra, but I wouldn't let him. Then he began to work his way slowly round my front, stroking under my arms and down the sides of my breasts, under the edges of my bra cups.

Quest: Did you stop him then?

Secretary: I pulled away when his fingertip got to the edges of my nipples.

Quest: Why let him get that far?

Secretary: Because I didn't realise how far he'd gone until that moment. And I didn't want him to find out that my nipples were hard.

Quest: So you were turned on?

Secretary: I'd been turned on when we'd been chatting in the lounge. But that wasn't any concern of his. Then he started sliding his fingers down the back of my pants.

Quest: How far down?

Secretary: Round my hip and down into the top of my pubic hair. I told him to stop then, and he

> **' I told him he could sleep with me if he kept his clothes on and didn't touch '**

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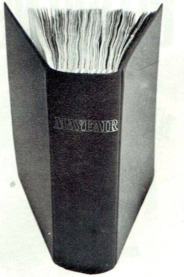

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similar girls — not pretty, not plain, and not particularly fun to chat to, either. Though there was one odd thing about her I'd almost forgotten. Apparently Rosemary lett drop to one of the older women that she'd left her husband because he was into wife-swapping. He'd persuaded her go to bed with friends of his, and eventually she'd got fed up with it. It certainly made her more interesting, but not enough to do anything about it.

Quest: What changed your opinion?

Consultant: An office party — they usually have that effect! The firm I was with then were very good about them — this time there was even a makeshift disco. I remember there was a hard core of half a dozen girls from the typing pool who always set out to get completely blotto. And if you were a bit that way yourself, and not too discriminating, there was a good chance of persuading one of them to sneak down the corridor with you into one of the empty offices, and perhaps drop her knickers. Geoff, of course, claimed to have done this often. The best I'd managed was with a tubby receptionist who had enormous boobs. After a long snog, she'd actually unzipped me and got me out, but she refused to go any further because she wasn't on the pill, and I didn't have a rubber. She ended up rubbing me between her enormous thighs, and then complained because I came all over her knickers!

Quest: What difference did the party make to Rosemary?

Consultant: I think it was more the drink than the party, but it was quite a transformation. She was quiet to start with, then began giggling a lot, but really took off when Geoff asked her to dance. She monopolised him, seemed very animated and very keen to get in to a clinch when the slow numbers started. Then they both disappeared for ten minutes, and I began to think he'd been right about her. But then Geoff vanished again, and I found myself standing next to Rosemary at the drinks table. So I poured her another drink, and we started chatting.

Quest: How did you get on?

Consultant: She was giggling, friendly, obviously quite well oiled. Twice she stumbled, and held onto me, apologising. She asked me about Geoff, and I was playing him up as the office wolf, warning her about him, Then she said she wanted to dance, so we did, and when a smoochy number started she immediately hung her arms round my neck.

Quest: What did you do?

Consultant: I think if she'd just been obviously drunk and not too aware of what she was doing, I'd have had to be a lot drunker myself to take advantage. But then she started asking me questions. Did I have a girlfriend, did I go out with girls much? Then the one that floored me: what did I do for sex? My mouth was still open when she went straight on. 'Isn't it funny?' she said. 'It's the only thing I miss about my husband. Because you're a woman you're supposed to worry about closeness and romance. Right now I'd settle for a really good seeing-to.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Consultant: I became very attentive! I wasn't that well off I could turn down such a likely opportunity for a fuck. Then she said it was getting late and she ought to think about moving. She asked me where the nearest ladies was, since we were on a floor she didn't know too well. So I offered to show her, thinking I might steer her into an office on the way back. We went off, with her lurching against me, giggling and apologising, but never quite letting me go. By the time we got within sight of the loo I had my arm round her, and we were suddenly going into a clinch against the corridor wall.

Quest: Just kissing?

Consultant: I brought my hand up onto her boob — she was wearing a fairly loose blouse. She chuckled and pulled back at first, but when I did it again she sighed and let me get on with it. She certainly felt substantial, and the nipple was very obviously stiff under her bra. So I tried my luck under her skirt, sliding my hand up the back of her thigh. She didn't make a move until I got to the edge of her knickers — support tights, thank goodness. She tensed as I slipped a finger under the rim, then shuddered as I reached her bottom, just far enough down to feel a few curls of pube. Then she suddenly pushed forward, pulling my hand away and squirming her crotch against my fly, which was now taking quite a strain. She giggled and said, 'Oh I wonder what *that* is?' And before I could answer, pecked me on the cheek and skipped into the loo.

Quest: Did that convince you she'd have intercourse with you?

Consultant: I reckoned I'd have to be pretty duff to mess this one up. My only fear was that she was now throwing up in the loo before passing out. But then Geoff suddenly appeared, looking worried and asked me where Rosemary was. I was just trying to tell him, rather guiltily, that he'd missed his chance, when Rosemary re-

> **Isn't it funny,' she said, 'the only thing I miss about my husband is the sex**

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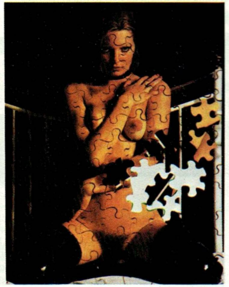

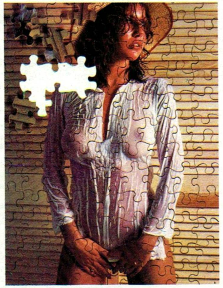

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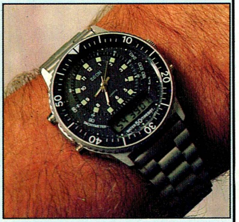

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QUEST

emerged and gave him a brilliant smile. 'Oh,' she smiled, 'Geoff's taking me home for a night cap. Isn't that nice?'

Quest: She was serious?

Consultant: I could have killed both of them. Geoff perked up, so I said, 'Well actually my place is nearer — why don't we go there?'

Quest: And she agreed?

Consultant: She thought it was a great idea. It turned into a battle of wills. If I hadn't been half drunk I'd have left it — I hate being messed about like that. But I was damned if I was going to give up the best screwing opportunity I'd had in weeks — months! Unfortunately Geoff felt the same way. We ended up marching down the corridor arm in arm, Rosemary between us, enjoying herself hugely. We were scuffling at the lifts to get in alone with her — in the end she went down on her own! Running down the stairs, I told Geoff to butt out as she'd more or less asked me to do her. But he said she'd virtually promised it to him — *and* he'd had some finger pie too! We all piled into a taxi; there were scuffles on the staircase at my place. Then we got into my flat, and Geoff immediately plonked down on the sofa with Rosemary. I was ordered out to the kitchen to make coffee. When I ducked back two minutes later they were busy snogging, so I backed off. I could hardly throw a bucket of water over them. Then, in another couple of minutes, the kitchen door opened and Rosemary sidled in, grinning all over her face.

Quest: What did she do?

Consultant: Pecked me on the cheek, then the neck, and made it obvious she wanted to be kissed, so I did, wondering what on earth was happening now. Then she began grinding her crotch against mine, like she'd done before, only this time she backed away and said, 'Oh, aren't you excited any more?' By now I was getting pretty thoroughly exasperated, and started to say so, when she seemed to turn off and went out again, saying she had to see Geoff.

Quest: Did you follow her?

Consultant: Not at first. I thought, 'Fuck it — there are limits.' She was obviously a classic prickteaser, probably getting her revenge on men for the rotten time her hubby had given her. So I finished the coffee, half convincing myself that Geoff would have seen through her by now, and opened the living room door. That's when I realised why it had gone so quiet.

Quest: Why?

Consultant: Geoff was lying back on the edge of the sofa, his legs sticking out, his trousers and pants pushed down to his ankles. Rosemary was astride him, her skirt round her waist, pantless and knickerless, round, pale bum cheeks wobbling as she bounced up and down on him. And they weren't playing around — when Rosemary lifted herself up, I could see the base of Geoff's cock disappearing very obviously into her snug little opening. But then Geoff gave a loud groan, and swore, and Rosemary moaned, and squirmed herself down on him.

Quest: He'd climaxed?

Consultant: And obviously a bit too soon for her. She leaned down and kissed him, but he was just gasping, well out of it. Then she turned, and caught sight of me, and her face lit up. She started beckoning me over, sliding awkwardly down Geoff's outstretched legs, pulling herself onto a clear edge of the sofa. I couldn't believe she wasn't embarrassed or put out in some way. But she just beckoned me to kneel behind her.

Quest: You obeyed?

Consultant: I was hypnotised! I don't go to that many orgies. I sank onto my knees — her bare bottom was still toward me — and she reached back, hissing at me to, 'Come on', when I wasn't in touching distance. So I shuffled closer, and her hand immediately clamped on my crotch, gripping my stiff cock and rubbing it through the fabric. Then her fingers fumbled at my zip. Hypnotised or not, even I couldn't refuse that. So I unzipped, and slipped straight into her.

Quest: With satisfactory results?

Consultant: She seemed to go berserk, but I think she was that close to finishing already. She was stabbing herself back on me, panting and moaning, 'Yes — yes — *yes!* —' I felt as if I was being milked. First time in years the woman actually beat me to it! I wouldn't feel safe doing that these days without at least two rubbers!

Quest: What happened afterwards?

Consultant: She vanished — literally, leaving Geoff and I like the Rape of the Sabine Women — in reverse! By the time I'd got my senses back she'd let herself out. She didn't turn up for work the following Monday, either. Perhaps she sobered up and realised she'd overdone it a bit, or she'd worked something out of her system. I don't know. But I could with a few more surprises like that. So could Geoff, I expect!

Quest: Thank you.

> **The moment she'd finished with my pal on the sofa she turned and beckoned to me**

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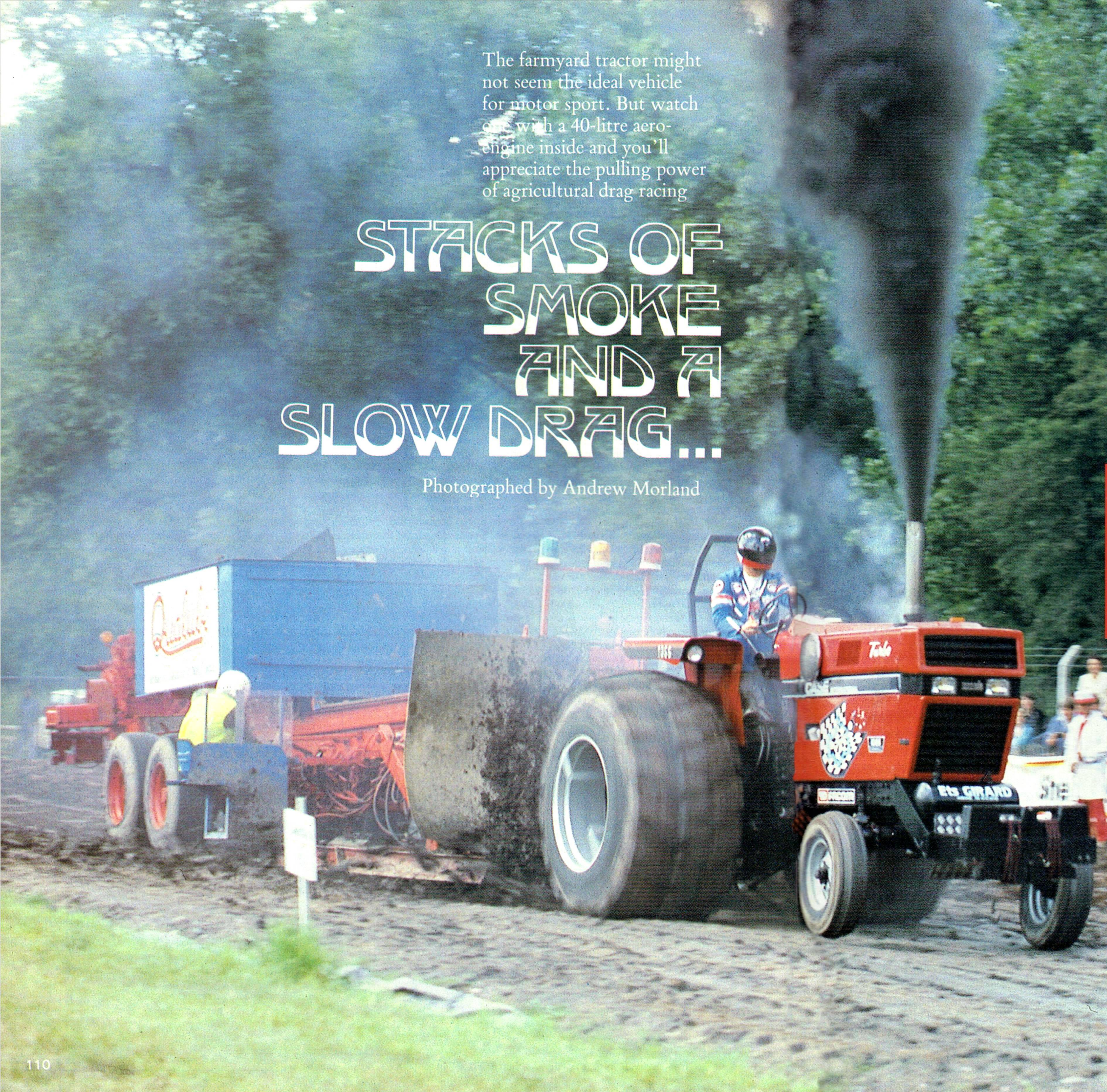
Photographed by Andrew Morland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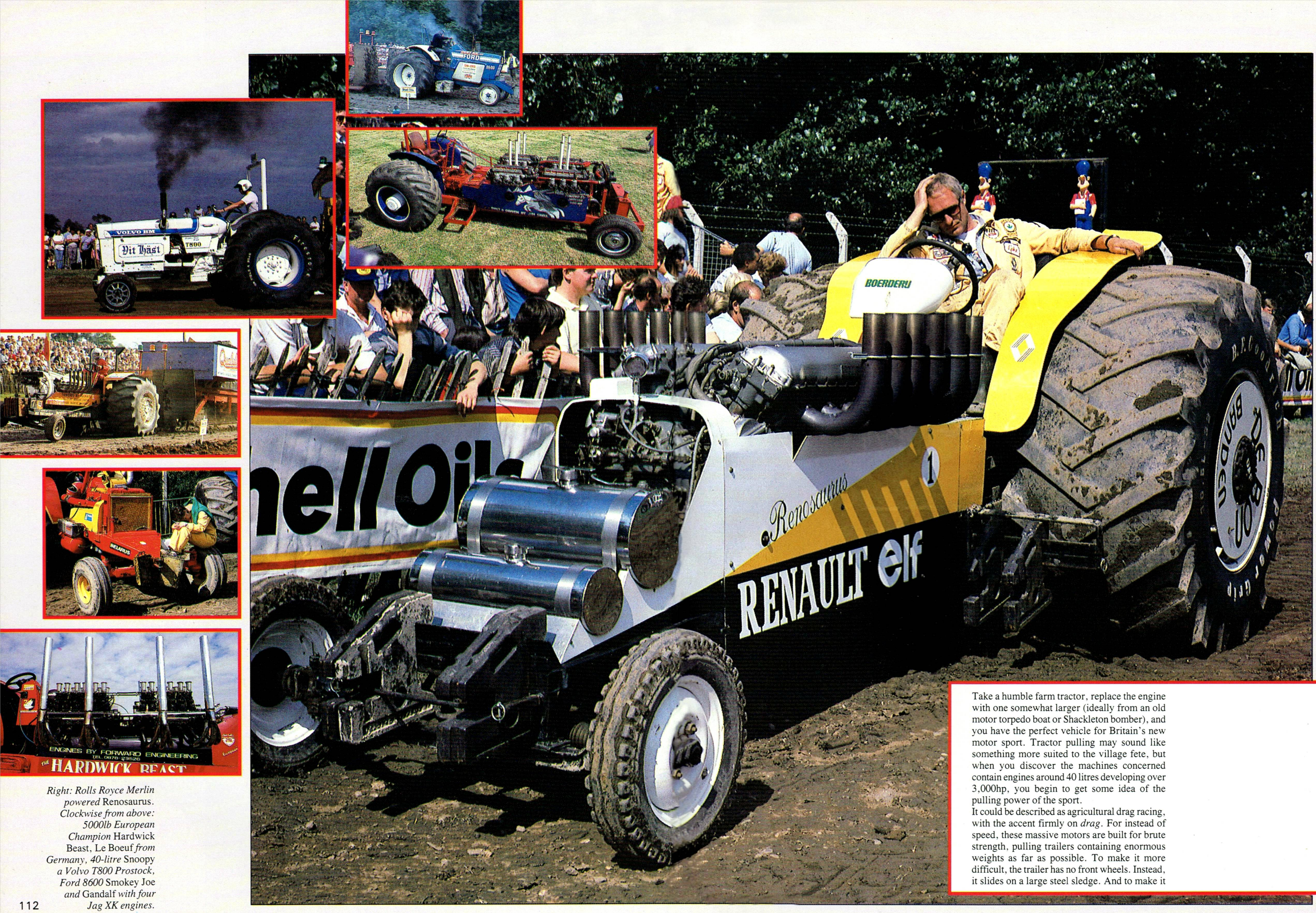
KNIGHTMARE

TRACTOR PULLING

Top and small picture left: Desperate Dan *driven by Brian Armistead, the 9000lb European Champion. The tractor is powered by a Rolls Royce engine from a torpedo boat. Above:* Knightmare, *owned and driven by Jo and Ian Shirley, competing in the 7000 and 9000lb class.*

EURO INVADER

Left: Echec et Mat, *a French superstock in action. Driven by Phillipe Gerard, it's a converted Case International 106 with three turbochargers. Above:* Euro Invader, *owned and driven by Dave Prince, which is powered by a giant Rolls Royce Meteor engine.*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THE HARDWICK BEAST

Right: Rolls Royce Merlin powered Renosaurus. *Clockwise from above: 5000lb European Champion* Hardwick Beast, Le Boeuf *from Germany, 40-litre* Snoopy *a Volvo T800 Prostock, Ford 8600* Smokey Joe *and* Gandalf *with four Jag XK engines.*

Take a humble farm tractor, replace the engine with one somewhat larger (ideally from an old motor torpedo boat or Shackleton bomber), and you have the perfect vehicle for Britain's new motor sport. Tractor pulling may sound like something more suited to the village fete, but when you discover the machines concerned contain engines around 40 litres developing over 3,000hp, you begin to get some idea of the pulling power of the sport.

It could be described as agricultural drag racing, with the accent firmly on *drag*. For instead of speed, these massive motors are built for brute strength, pulling trailers containing enormous weights as far as possible. To make it more difficult, the trailer has no front wheels. Instead, it slides on a large steel sledge. And to make it power to the driveshaft. The air fills with dirt and diesel smoke. In the time it takes the tractor to fight its way along the 100 yard track, it will have used two to three gallons of fuel, and a gallon of water just to cool the engine.

Tractors compete in four classes: Prostock, Superstock, Modified and Mini Modified. The Prostock vehicles look like normal tractors and are limited to 3000 rpm and one turbo-charger. Superstocks also resemble normal farmyard machinery but can use up to three turbos. This can give them up to ten times their factory rated horsepower, though the standard gearbox and back axle must be used. It's the Modified section where competitors have a completely free hand. Engines are taken from cars (anything from two to six per tractor), lorries, aircraft (the Rolls Royce Merlin lives on), helicopters and tanks. These leviathans can develop upwards of 3,000 horsepower, and compete in four classes — 5000, 7000, 9000 and 12000lbs, the weights being those that have to be pulled along the track.

The 9000lb European Champion is *Desperate Dan* owned and driven by Brian Armistead from Lancashire. Brian and his team built the tractor at the start of 1985, and although it competed that year, it had its teething troubles. In 1986, however the Rolls Royce Sea Griffon 101 engine originally from an old torpedo boat, really got going to win the championship. Brian estimates that the engine mounted on his home-made chassis develops 2500 horsepower.

STACKS OF SMOKE AND A SLOW DRAG...

Hardwick Beast is another British title holder. Brian Creed's Modified is the European 5000lb Champion and is powered by a 6.4-litre V12 Jaguar engine at the front and a 5.7-litre Jaguar V12 at the back. Like *Desperate Dan, Hardwick Beast* has also taken on the Europeans on their home ground. It was taken to Flevohof in Holland for the 1985 Championship, whilst *Desperate Dan* toured Europe as a guest of the European Tractor Pulling Association.

Germany and Holland are currently the acknowledged experts in tractor pulling, though the sport originated in the USA around 1970. It was brought to Britain eight years ago after a visit to America by Tom Osborne and John Bowen-Jones. Bowen-Jones built the first trailer and Osborne and his sons the first tractor. It was christened *Shire Lady*, and made its television debut in 1978 on *Tomorrow's World.*

Since then the sport has taken off, albeit slowly. Around 150 tractors are registered with the British Tractor Pulling Association, the sport's governing body. Many of these are the Mini Modified tractors which, as the name implies, are the smallest and most convenient to run, having engines around 4-litres. Modifieds, Pro and Superstocks are difficult to transport and very expensive to compete in.

The BTPA organises many events during the year but the most important are the seven at which the points won count towards the British Championship. Last year these were at Shrewsbury, Bristol, Ely, Norfolk, Stoneleigh, Great Eccleston and Yeovil. The highlight of the year though is the European Championship, held in late August or early September. Each member country of the European Tractor Pulling Association takes turns to host the contest, and last year it was held at the National Agricultural Centre at Stoneleigh, where many of these pictures were taken. A total of 45 tractors turned up from countries including Holland, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden, Belgium and France, as well as from all over Britain.

Hardwick Beast and *Desperate Dan's* success in 1986 looks like just being the start of British supremacy in the sport. *Snoopy, Euro Invader,* and *Chariot of Fire* (a particularly monstrous 37-litre 3000-plus horse power tractor) are all expected to do well this year.

Anne Jones, Secretary of the British Tractor Pulling Association describes the future for the sport as rosy, though sponsorship is needed, especially to ship these vast vehicles abroad for European events. However it you fancy watching these not-so-gentle giants in action or building a machine to compete yourself, then she is the lady to contact. Ring her on 0934 743093 or write to Anne Jones, BTPA Secretary, New House, The Street, Draycott, Cheddar, BS27 3TH. She admits to only becoming involved at first because she could do typing and shorthand, but she got hooked. It could well grasp you in the same way.

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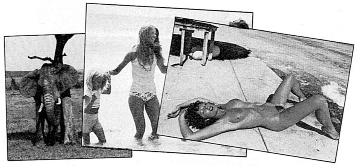

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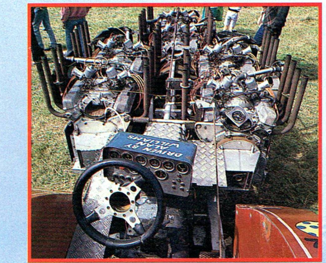
DRAUGHT VULCANS

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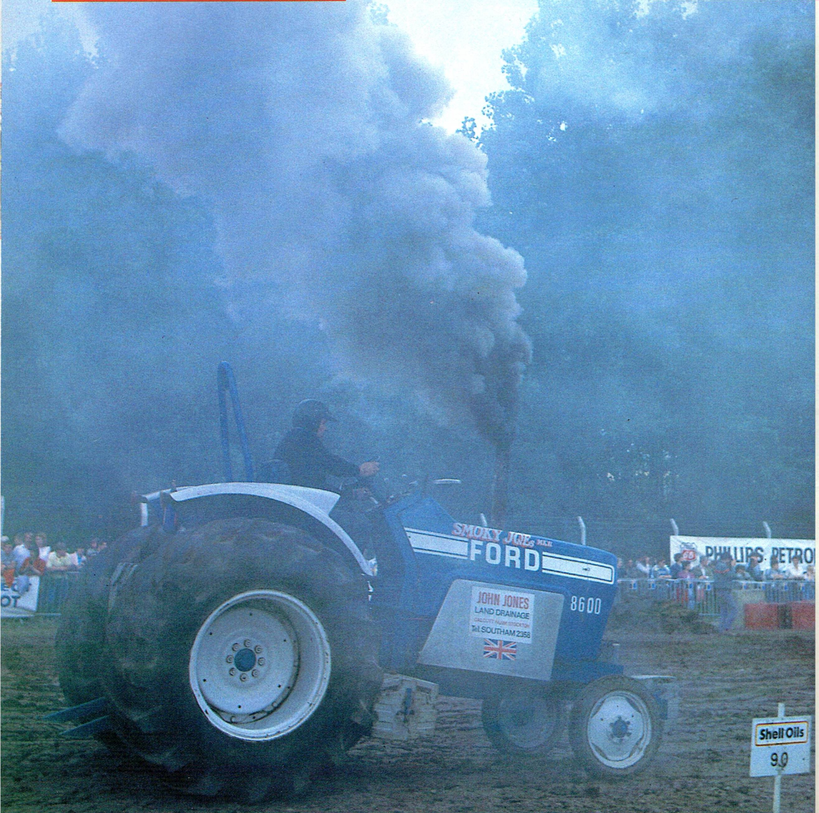
SCANIA

Below: Echec et Mat *again. Bottom right: A close-up of the massive tyres these machines use. Next to it is another view of* Knightmare. *Bottom left: Ford with twin turbo Superstock* Smokey Joe in actino. Top left: Super Tramp's *six Rover 3½-litre engines. Next to it: Scania diesel* Lollipop, *and near left: 37-litre* Chariot of Fire.

harder still, the weight on the trailer is geared so that as the tractor moves, it slides nearer the front causing the sledge to dig into the ground like an anchor. So the tractor is not only pulling a vast weight but fighting against the increasing friction as the trailer pushes into the soil. Eventually, with the equivalent of around 100 tons behind it, the tractor either roars and bucks its way across the finish line or snorts into submission.

In that short run, however, the crowd are treated to a rare spectacle as can be judged by Andrew Morland's pictures. When the tractor starts pulling against the weight, the small front wheels lift high in the air, and the rear wheels spin wildly, fighting for adhesion. The ex-marine or aircraft engine roars deafeningly, straining every nut and bolt as it transfers its massive horse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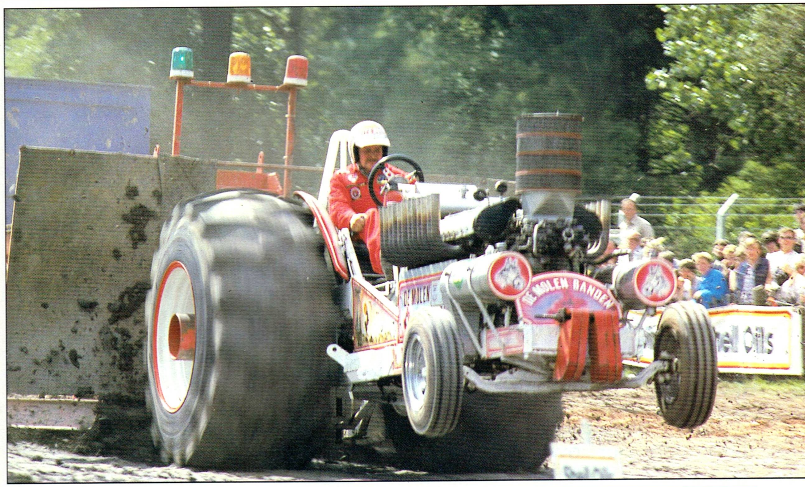
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PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOANIE ALLUM

SOPHIE

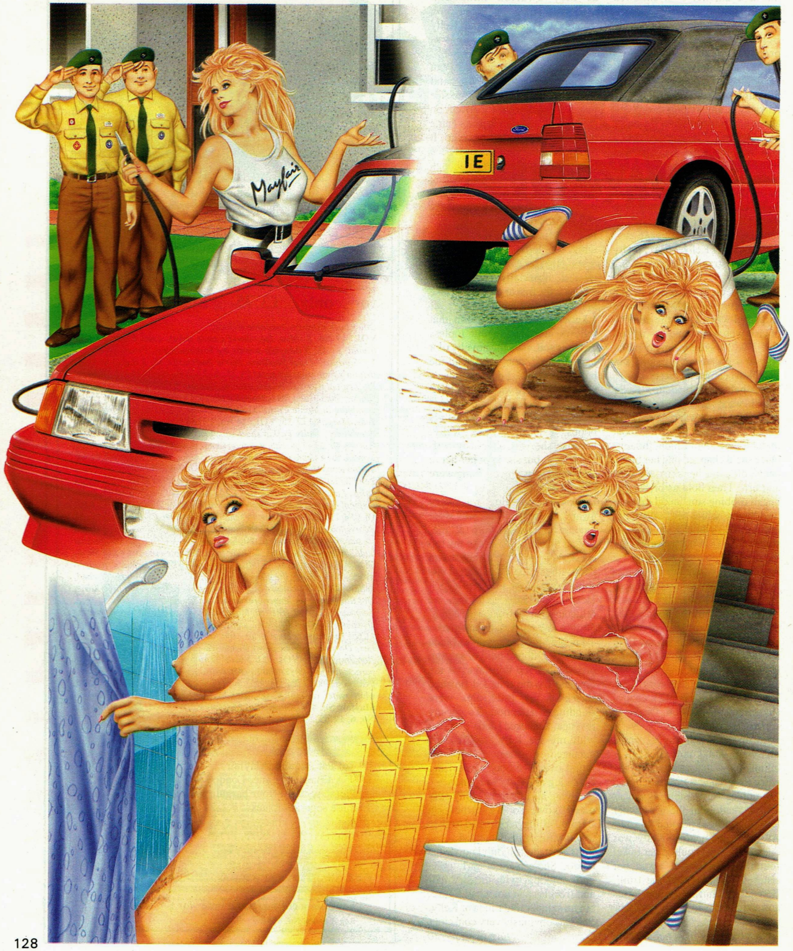
First there was junk mail, now there are junk phone calls. More and more salespeople seem to turn up on the line desperate to sell you double glazing, insurance or a secure financial future. Before you slam the phone down, listen carefully. If the voice has a slight Worcestershire tinge to it, it could belong to 19-year-old Sophie Masters. And she could be having some pretty naughty dreams about what sort of man you are.

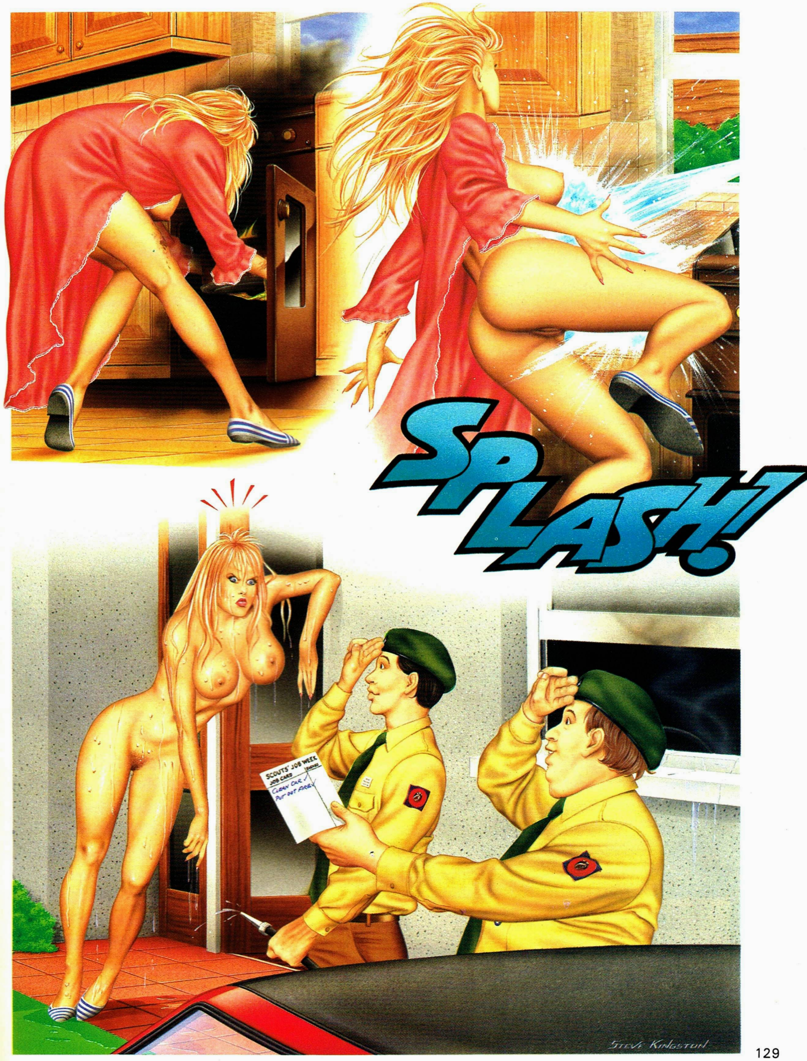
Sophie started telesales as a part-time job to help her as her modelling career got off the ground. But she's found it far from dull. 'I've always had a good imagination,' says Sophie who lives in a village just outside Redditch. 'And every time I ring up a guy I try and visualise what he's like. If his voice is soft and deep, I can get quite carried away. I'm so busy flirting I forget to sell the product.' However this has led to some interesting dates.

'I get asked out a lot by my customers,' said Sophie, 'but he has to sound pretty special for me to accept.' However it's easy to get the wrong impression from a voice. Sophie once squeezed her 34-23-34 figure into her tightest dress to meet her dream man, only to encounter a 68-year-old grandfather. 'He was delighted to be mistaken for someone 45 years younger. No wonder I couldn't sell him a pension plan,' Sophie laughed. 'And, yes, he was a perfect gent.'

CARRIE

Carrie's 'bob-a-job' offer turns out to be costly

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